

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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THE STORY OF THE SEVENTH MAN

THE SEVENTH MAN

A Story That Will Live in England's History

From a Special Correspondent

This story was told to the writer by Lady Kinnaird a few weeks before her lamented death.

The Prince of Wales was asked one day if he would visit a little private hospital where thirty-six men, so terribly injured in the war that they could never hope for release, were fighting the desperate battle of patience and courage. The Prince named a day, and on that day he drove privately to the little hospital.

In the ordinary way he went round the beds, and was then conducted to the door by the grateful staff. But he stopped suddenly and said, "I was told you had thirty-six patients. I have seen only twenty-nine."

It was explained to him that the seven other patients were so tragically disfigured that the visit to their ward was purposely omitted.

"For my sake or theirs?" he asked.

"For yours, sir," was the answer.

At once he insisted on seeing these seven men. He was ushered into the ward where they lay, and at each bed he stopped for some minutes, saying cheering words and thanking each man in the name of England for his self-sacrifice. Then, once again, he paused at the door.

"But there are only six men here," he persisted. "Where is the seventh?"

He was told that nobody could see this seventh man. Blind, deaf, maimed, and disfigured out of the likeness of humanity, this seventh man, they told him, lay in a bed in a room to himself, from which he would never stir.

"You must not see him, sir," said one of the officials.

"I must see him," said the Prince.

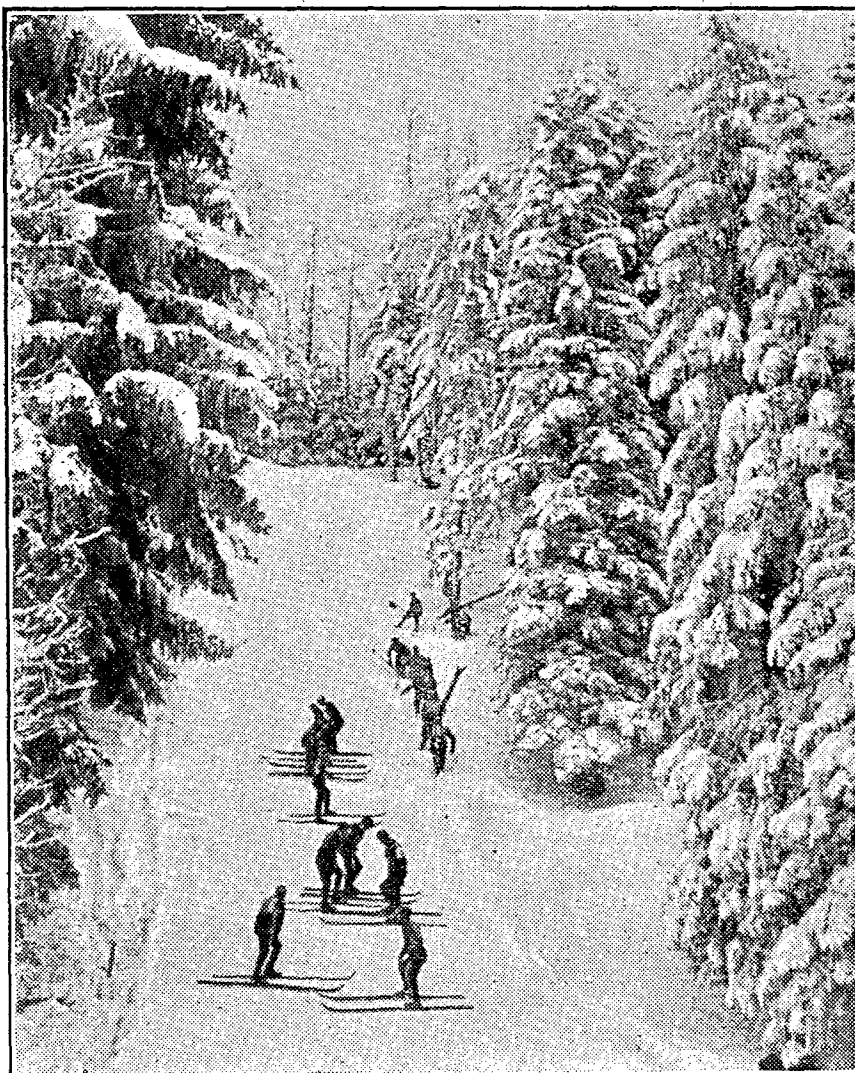
"Better not, sir. You can do him no good. And—the sight is terrible."

"Still, I wish to see him."

One member of the staff accompanied the Prince into that little darkened room of unutterable tragedy. He relates that the Prince walked firmly to the bedside, that he turned very white, but stood there with bowed head, looking at the man who could neither see him nor hear him, looking at that awful wreck of manhood as though he would see the final anguish of murderous and monstrous war. Then, very slowly, the Prince stooped down and kissed the man's face.

When he rose it was as if another Presence had come into that room.

Ski-Jumpers Climb the Slope



Competitors in the ski-jumping contest at Klosters, Switzerland, climbing the snow slopes to the starting-point, and smoothing the course with their skis as they go

LAND FOR WORKLESS MEN

Millions of Acres in Australia

There are more than a million unemployed men in England, and there are millions of uncultivated acres in Australia waiting for workers.

Surely here is a case of a disease and a remedy; and now the Government of New South Wales begins to see the possibilities of its unoccupied territory, and is developing a big immigration and land settlement scheme.

The Chief Inspector of Agriculture states that there are fifteen million acres of arable land within twelve miles of a railway still uncultivated, and that many other acres suitable for dairy-farming and grazing have not yet been fully exploited. Important lands on the Murray and Murrumbidgee rivers are also being irrigated for settlements.

Sir George Fuller, Premier of New South Wales, is anxious that Britain shall help his immigration scheme by giving preference to the product of immigrants. Sheep and cattle farming are great industries, and wheat, maize, oats, potatoes, tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas are among the chief crops grown.

THE GREAT DAM AT MUSCLE SHOALS

Harnessing Tennessee River

Some years ago the engineers of the United States Army started to construct a gigantic dam at Muscle Shoals in order to collect and harness the mighty currents of the Tennessee River, which flows through the State of Tennessee.

But before the dam was half finished the money ran dry, and for a year and a half the work has been suspended, and more than a million pounds' worth of machinery, ready to be used, has lain depreciating on the river bank. Now the American Congress has voted money to pay for the scheme, and it is expected that in two or three years the river will join the workers of the world.

The dam, when finished, will be bigger even than the great dam at Assuan, and will impound a lake 18 miles long, which will afford enough water to work four 30,000 horse-power turbines and generate 120,000 horse-power. The project will be costly, but once the power is available uses for it will be quickly found, whether in lighting cities, or driving electric street cars, or making artificial fertilisers.

MUST THESE PEOPLE PERISH?

THE PUEBLO INDIANS

Pathetic Appeal for the Lands They Love

HOUSES LIKE BEE-HIVES

America has before it an interesting appeal by one of the Red Indian tribes.

The story of the relations of the White Man and the Red Indian is largely a story of cruelty, oppression, and injustice on the part of the White Man.

Tribe after tribe has been hunted from its home and almost exterminated. And now we hear of an unjust law, the Bursum Indian Bill, which has been passed in the United States to deprive the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico of lands given to them long ago by the Spanish Crown.

These lands have been irrigated and cultivated by the Pueblo tribes for centuries, and they have contrived to get a living out of them, even though most of their water-supply has been held back or diverted by white squatters, and though the acreage per head has been very inadequate.

Friendly and Industrious

The Pueblo tribes have always been friendly and peaceful and industrious. Some of them are skilful potters, some are cunning silversmiths, and they have beautiful and original songs and dances. They are not, however, fitted for the life of cities, and if they are evicted from their ancient homes they almost certainly will die out. They are offered money instead of their lands, but they cannot use it to advantage.

There are now only 8000 Pueblo Indians living in nineteen pueblos—tremendous communal houses like beehives, built in pyramidal form on a broad base—and they represent a civilisation that should be preserved.

Happy to this Day

A delegation of the Indians gathered at Santo Domingo have drafted a pathetic appeal to the United States in which they say: "We have studied this Bill and found that it will destroy our Pueblo government and our customs, which we have enjoyed for hundreds of years, and through which we have been able to be self-supporting and happy down to this day." We hope these picturesque and friendly Indians will be allowed to remain on their ancestral lands and not driven out to die.

10,000-YEAR-OLD LOG Set on Fire by a Cigarette

It is reported in the American papers that a log of sequoia wood, ten thousand years old, preserved in the Maryland Academy of Sciences, was set on fire by the dropped end of a lighted cigarette.

But there is nothing so very sensational about that when we consider that every time we put a match to a coal fire we set fire to trees of ancient forests.

WHO WAS THIS MAN?

TUTANKHAMEN

Pharaoh Who Betrayed a Noble Cause

MOST TALKED-OF EGYPTIAN IN HISTORY

Who was this Tutankhamen, around whose tomb the whole civilised world is standing today?

We do not know a great deal about him, but what we do know does not present him in a very favourable light. In the lifetime of his great predecessor on the throne—his father-in-law, Akhnaton, he seems to have been court chamberlain and a trusted friend of Akhnaton, whom we call the great Heretic King, because he broke away from the old religion and founded the religion of One God.

Rich in the King's Service

Mr. Arthur Weigall, the distinguished Egyptologist, identifies Tutankhamen with one Tutu or Duku, who writes of himself in an inscription:

My voice was not loud in the King's house nor my walk swaggering in the palace. The King rose early every day to teach me because of my zeal in performing his teaching. I have grown wealthy in the service of the King.

He must have known of all Akhnaton's high aspirations, of his victories, and defeats, and anxieties. Yet no sooner did Akhnaton die than this courtier, who had grown rich on Akhnaton's bounty and had learned of his wisdom, seems to have shown himself little better than a time-server and adventurer. He made friends, Mr. Weigall tells us, with a traitor called Aziru, and, supplanting Akhnaton's son-in-law and successor Smenkhara, he seized the throne, marrying the second daughter of Akhnaton in order to establish his position.

A Change of Name

Then he hastened with Akhnaton's body back to Thebes, and "curried favour" with the priests of Amen by abandoning the pure religion established by Akhnaton; by changing his name from Tutankhaton to Tutankhamen in honour of the god of the priests; by building a magnificent colonnade in the Temple of Luxor to the old Egyptian gods; and by repairing the damage done by Akhnaton to the works of the god Amen.

The beautiful new city of Tel-el-Amarna, built by Akhnaton, was deserted and left to its fate, and explorers have found that even Akhnaton's favourite dogs and oxen starved in their kennels and sheds.

On the walls and columns of the great temple at Luxor, still standing today in ruined majesty, we see depicted the scenes of rejoicing when Tutankhamen returned to Thebes. The trumpets are blowing and the people dancing and holding festival.

A Small Self-Seeking Man

But the return of the usurper to Thebes was a great betrayal of a noble Pharaoh and a noble religion, and, despite his imposing colonnade—in the shade of which we may walk today, within a mile or two of his tomb, Tutankhamen will go down to history as Tutankhamen the Traitor, unless we find in his tomb some new light upon his character.

He came to the throne at a critical point in the history of Egypt, and had he been a strong and loyal character he might have fostered and kept alive the great religion Akhnaton founded, but he seems to have sought only his own advantage and the realisation of his own worldly ambitions. He talked with Moses; he sat at the feet of Akhnaton; he has become the most talked-of Egyptian in history; yet he remained a small, self-seeking man. *Pictures on page 3*

WORLD'S YOUNGEST PRIME MINISTER

BOAT RACE BLUE AT THE HEAD OF THE STATE

Man Whom Everybody Trusts to Steer the Commonwealth

ONLY WAR PREMIER LEFT

Mr. Stanley Melbourne Bruce, the new Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, who has replaced the defeated Mr. Hughes, has had an interesting career.

He is the youngest Prime Minister in the world, and if there has been a younger one since William Pitt we do not remember him. He is 39, and began his career as a politician in 1918.

He was famous at his Australian school as an oarsman and footballer, captain of his college boat and club, and a dashing cricketer. Coming to England as a Cambridge student, he rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, and later he coached the Cambridge crew.

He was in England when the war broke out, and, joining the army, he distinguished himself by his bravery, winning both the M.C. and the Croix de Guerre. He was twice wounded, the last wound leaving him permanently lame.

He became the first Australian representative on the League of Nations in 1921, and there made his mark as a man who needed no fireworks to attract attention. Returning to Australia he became Treasurer in the Government.

Mr. Bruce is the first Australian Premier who has not risen from the ranks. In business he is now a wealthy draper. No one in the Australian Parliament is more trusted than he.

The retirement of Mr. Hughes from the premiership leaves Mr. Massey, of New Zealand, the only War Premier in the world who retains his position.

GAS WITH NOWHERE TO GO

Baker's Fate on a Ship

Charles Wood, a cook in the Navy, was discovered lying dead in the bakery of H.M.S. Constance, and it was found that while asleep he had been suffocated by the carbon dioxide gas escaping from fermenting dough.

It is strange to think that poison gas should arise from dough; but the generation of poison gas is an essential part of baking bread. Yeast is put into the dough that it may feed on the sugar in the flour, and break it up into alcohol and carbon dioxide, and it is the carbon dioxide bubbling through the dough that makes it light and digestible.

In this case the gas, being shut up and having nowhere to go, accumulated in the closed bakery and suffocated the cook, much as dogs are suffocated by carbon dioxide in certain grottos near Naples. An open window would have saved his life.

ROAD-SWEEPER AND HIS BOOKS

A Good Example from Poplar

One of the papers reports that a Poplar road-sweeper has bought in his lifetime 2000 books, and has read them. Many of them he still has. We should like to send him one of ours to add to them if he sees this.

This literary road-sweeper began his reading early. Suppose he began to buy and keep books when he was 20. Half-a-crown a week spent on beer and tobacco would not be remarkable. Multitudes would spend it as a matter of course. But it would buy an excellent library of 2000 books in 20 years, and our road-sweeper evidently realised it in time to save the waste. Think of all that those books mean, permanently, to the man who owns, reads, and loves them; and compare it all with the fumes of the jug and the pipe!

GOING-HOME HOUR IN LONDON

The Pickpocket and His Opportunity

"HOLDING UP" THE STEP OF THE BUS

There are nearly a thousand million passengers in the buses of London in a year, and it is right that they should be warned against a gang of pickpockets who now make regular use of these buses to carry on their work.

They work in twos and threes; they wait at busy points in busy hours; and they seize the opportunity given them by the absence of the bus conductor from his step.

Occupying the step, as if about to enter the bus, they "hold it up," crowding round some unfortunate passenger trying to get into the bus. The passenger feels himself gripped as in a vice, but before he can recover from his astonishment the man blocking the way into the bus has stepped back on to the pavement, and the passenger takes his seat feeling that he has been among a gang of thieves, only to find too late that that is exactly what has happened.

The Absent Conductor

Three well-dressed thieves, one in front and two behind, the other day "held up" a passenger on a London bus like pirates, and the passenger's wallet was gone with £60 in it. Three times this has happened within five weeks, twice at the same place, to our knowledge; it must have happened scores of times all over London; and the chief fact in the situation, making this game of thieves possible, is the absence of the conductor from his step at a busy point.

Seeing the step unguarded, the thieves take possession, create a crush, cleverly extract a wallet, and step off the bus to wait for the next opportunity.

We warn our readers to be careful on entering buses in London in the busy hours, and we suggest to the bus companies, so wisely fond of Safety First, that the conductor should not be on the top collecting fares while the pickpockets are on the step collecting wallets.

ALFONS PETZOLD

A Working-Man Poet of Poverty

Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach
in song;

wrote the poet Shelley; and of no man could this more truthfully be said than of Alfons Petzold, the Austrian poet who has just died in Tyrol.

His childhood was spent in a sordid and foul environment, and his boyhood was a time of abject misery. Many times he was face to face with starvation as he wandered about from town to town seeking work.

But when he had contracted consumption and things seemed at their worst, charitable people found him, and, recognising possibilities in him, gave him a chance to educate himself. In some strange way the divine spark of poetry, which had been smouldering in him through all the dark years, burst into flame, and soon this poor wretch gained recognition as a poet—a poet of poverty. Friends arose and assured him leisure and a living. He married, and was able, despite his ill health, to enjoy some years of work, during which he produced some of the finest lyrics in Austrian poetry.

Latterly he lived with his second wife—a beautiful and educated woman—in a charming little villa presented to him. It must have seemed to him like a paradise after the terrible life he had lived.

When the writer visited the poet two years ago he found that he and his wife had adopted a little English girl deserted by her parents during the war, and were bringing her up with their own daughter. Such a deed was in itself a poem!

QUEER HAPPENINGS IN THE AIR

STOAT THAT CAUGHT A CROW

And the Crab that Carried a Sparrow Along the Beach

SAD SCENES OF WILD LIFE

The other day when we related the story of a combat between an eagle and a dog victory went to the eagle, which carried its prey away to its eyrie. Now the story of mammal against bird has to be continued, with a different ending.

Here the rivals were a stoat and a crow, which, when seen by a cyclist at Harlaxton, in Lincolnshire, had run through the preliminary skirmishings and come literally to grips. The stoat had fastened itself to the breast of the bird, and the crow, in an endeavour to shake it off, took flight and endeavoured by frantic exertions in the air to regain its freedom.

A Strange Struggle by the Sea

But a man can hardly shake off one of this ferocious tribe, and where we fail even a powerful crow cannot succeed. The pressure on its muscles, the weight of the enemy, and probably the loss of blood, all sapped the fugitive's strength. It circled low and wide over a field, then dropped to earth, when the end was swift.

The incident is strange enough, but here is one still more strange.

It occurred on the famous sands by the sea at Redcar, where an observer saw a crab running along the shore with something fluttering in its claws. The flutterer proved to be a live sparrow! The crab had caught it and held it in its claw as fast as an oyster has been known to hold a mouse.

Sparrows are nothing if not courageous, and this little prisoner fought and pecked at its captor with all its might. But it might as well have pecked at the shell of a tortoise. For forty yards the crab marched along the sands, and then apparently it reached the right way home, for it bore sharply into the sea.

Driven from the Nest

Then the astonished onlooker, with a sharp blow from his walking-stick, compelled the crab to release its grip. The sparrow regained its freedom. One of its legs was broken, but it could fly, and fly it did, while the disappointed crab shot into its native element, robbed of a dinner it is not likely soon to duplicate.

The event is interesting as showing that our native crabs possess a horrid instinct which we had thought confined to tropical crabs. There are crabs which live almost entirely on birds. Where sea birds nest they are attacked by these creatures as they brood their eggs, or, more commonly, when they are nearly full-grown and not quite able to fly.

Crabs will assail the old birds, drive them from the nest, and carry off a plump fledgeling before their eyes. But it has always shocked travellers to see young birds in the first glory of their fine plumage pulled down and rent to pieces by these little monsters.

THE TELEVIEW

A New Way of Seeing the Films

Some weeks ago the C.N. described a new instrument invented by two young graduates of Cornell University by which the principle of the stereoscope can be applied to cinematograph films, making the picture stand out in relief.

The device has now been used for the first time at a theatre in New York, and has proved quite a success. The objects on the screen looked remarkably real and solid, and the figures seem to step out into thin air.

But the drawback to the teleview is the inconvenience and discomfort of having to look at the film through a kind of telescope.

CHINA'S AWAKENING

BEGINNING OF A LITERARY REVOLUTION

New Writing Language which is Fast Making its Way

A BOOK EVERY WEEK

China is moving on. After the new talking language comes a new writing language for her multitude of people.

The language the Chinese have used in speaking to one another has, for many centuries, been utterly different from that used in writing. The writing language, known as Wen Li, has remained unaltered for 2000 years or more, and during the whole of that period it has continued unchallenged as the one and only medium of writing. Its position has been similar to that which Latin occupied throughout Western Europe in the Middle Ages.

Athirst for Knowledge

Today the spoken language, which is spoken of as Pai Hwo (meaning clear speech), is as different from the classical written language as French is from Latin. Not one man in a hundred in China can read Wen Li. Only the scholars are acquainted with it.

Writing of the awakening that has come to China a traveller says: "After only three years' absence in Europe I found a completely new world in China on my return." Young educated China is athirst for knowledge. Some of the greatest thinkers are being invited to China to lecture. More than 200 new periodicals have been launched in four years—one a week—dealing with all sorts of subjects, from Einstein's theory of relativity to John Drinkwater's plays.

Dignity and Precision

All this new thought could not possibly be expressed in the old classical writing. It was not sufficiently elastic and flexible. The leaders of the new movement had therefore to find a new literary language, and they decided to adopt the ordinary speech of the people.

Scholars scoffed at the idea of the common tongue being used for literature, but it has been shown that the new language is adequate to the handling of all kinds of subjects. The journals of the day contain articles in the new style on commercial matters, side by side with a poem or a play. It can be used with dignity and precision, and is becoming the new Chinese language.

The new style must not be confused with the phonetic script, which is a kind of shorthand of the old classical writers, and has already been described in the C.N., by means of which illiterate people can learn to read in a short time.

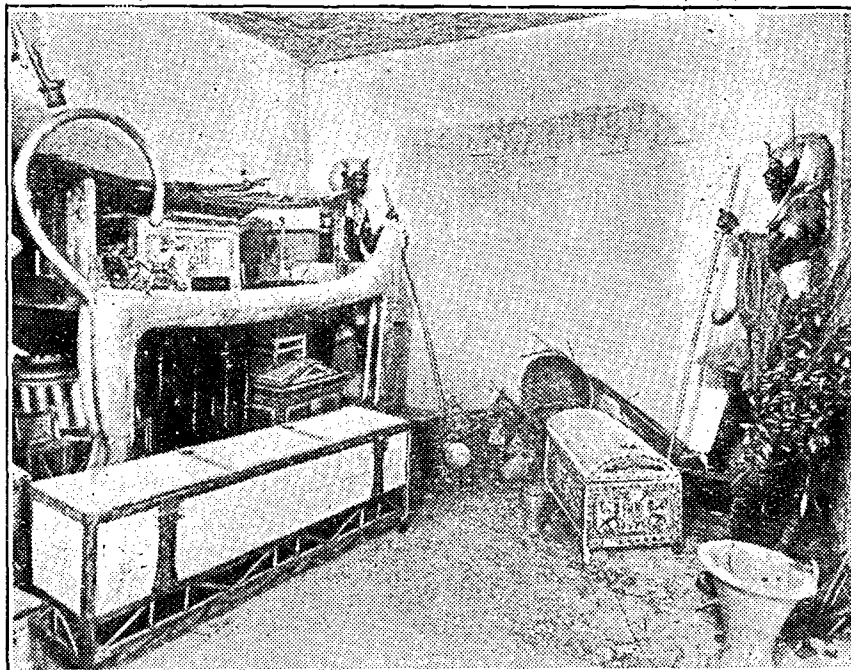
The Bible Translated

The phonetic script, though an exceedingly clever device, is not likely to produce a literature. But the new language can be used for creative literary purposes. A simplified Latin might have enabled more English people to read books in Latin in the 14th century, but it was Chaucer and others who helped to create English literature by using quite another tongue, which up to that time was hardly more than a spoken language.

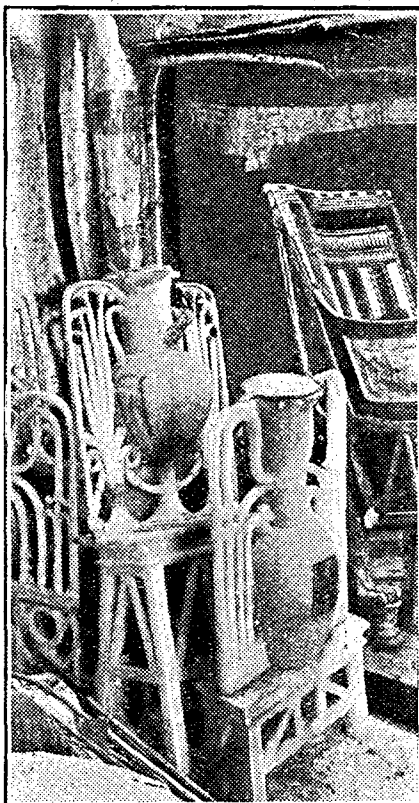
The accepted model of the new style is a translation of the Bible in Pai Hwo made a few years ago. This is a tribute to the quality of the translation and to the foresight of the men who used the spoken and not the classical language for the Bible, so that it might be understood of the people. Perhaps the day is near in China, as Erasmus hoped it was near in the England of his day, when "the husbandman might sing parts of the Bible at his plough, and the weaver at his shuttle, and the traveller might beguile with it the weariness of his way."

Pai Hwo has clearly come to stay in China, and with it China's awakening should advance apace.

INSIDE THE WONDERFUL TOMB



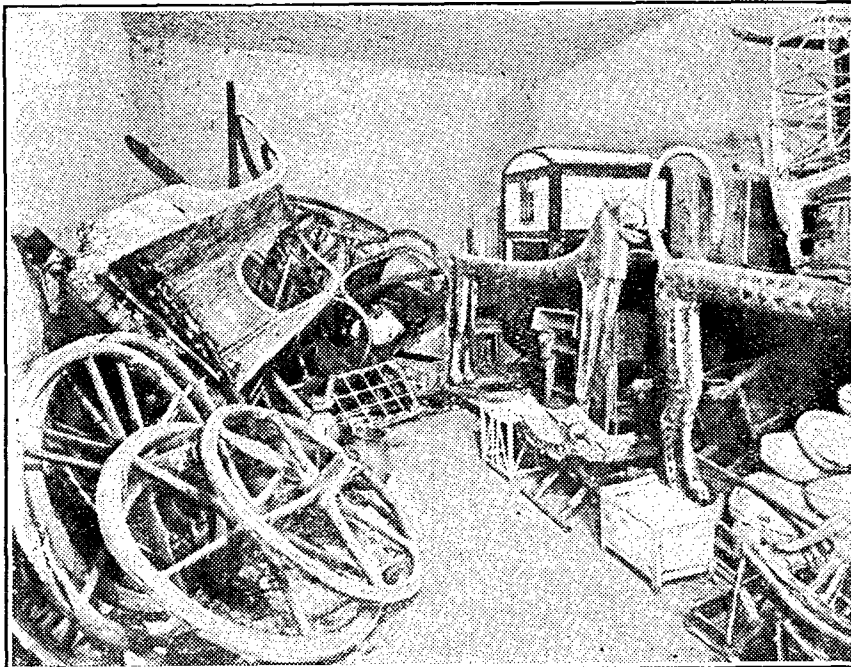
The ante-chamber, with the sealed door into the farther tomb



Alabaster vases and an ebony and ivory chair



One of the life-sized statues of Tutankhamen



Another view of the ante-chamber, with its wonderful collection of treasures

These are the first photographs taken inside the tomb of Tutankhamen, and show the wonderful wealth of art treasures that was found in the outer chamber. The statues guarding the sealed entrance to the inner chamber are of Tutankhamen himself, and in the top photograph the bouquets of flowers, over 3000 years old, are clearly seen

These photographs are The Times world's copyright by arrangement with the Earl of Carnarvon

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES

CANADA'S GREAT DANGER

Hundreds of Thousands of Miles as Dry as Tinder

AIRMEN NEEDED TO KEEP A LOOK-OUT

The dry seasons of the last year or two have shown the Canadian authorities that some more effective method of detecting and combating forest fires in Canada than those at present in vogue will have to be found. The forests become as dry as tinder and are exceedingly liable to catch alight.

The old method has never been satisfactory, and, with an increasing population bordering on the forests and civilisation spreading more and more into the forest areas, the risk is increasing so greatly that it is imperative to take drastic steps at once.

Hitherto men in canoes or horse vehicles have travelled along the river valleys and kept a look-out for smoke, and have then canoed or driven to the nearest centre for help. But obviously travellers in the low-lying valleys are quite unable to see the smoke of distant fires, and they have had to rely more or less on the reports of travellers passing through the forests.

Patrolling a Big Area

Often these reports are false or exaggerated, and a great deal of valuable time is wasted in making investigations. Sometimes reports only reach the patrols days after the fire has been seen, and by the time steps can be taken the flames have secured a hold, and thousands of pounds' worth of damage done.

The difficulties are increased by the fact that there are so few patrols for so great an area. Each watches over about 15,000 square miles of territory, and travelling by canoe or horse vehicle he takes at least two or three days to cross from one side of the area to the other, while to go all over the 15,000 square miles would take many weeks.

It is therefore suggested by those who have the welfare of the forests at heart that regular aeroplane patrols should be established. Airmen have worked experimentally with great success, and it is pointed out that the cost of air patrols would be a trifle compared with the hundreds of thousands of pounds they would save every year.

Aeroplane Fire-Engines

An area of 15,000 square miles of forest could be examined easily by an airman in a day, and the slightest sign of smoke would be detected at once. Then the airman would fly to his headquarters and take back with him at once to the scene of the fire one or two men with a petrol pump. In this way the fire would be fought down from nearby streams almost as soon as it had broken out.

In any case, if aeroplanes are not used tall watch towers will have to be built in the forests and watchers installed, as is done in the United States. The loss from fires has been very great recently.

THE CLEVER EGYPTIANS

Their Love of Perfect Workmanship

The recent discoveries in Egypt are showing afresh the amazing dexterity of the Egyptians both as artists and as manual workers.

Professor Flinders Petrie, the greatest living authority on the work of these remarkable people, declares that "there never has been a people on the face of the Earth who have shown such a love of perfect workmanship and such extraordinary precision in it."

They had no lathe or other turning apparatus, yet they made vases in stone and pottery with amazing accuracy. They could detect an error of a seven-thousandth of an inch. Their weaving has never been excelled in delicacy.

LIKE AN ENGLISH MOSES

FINE STORY OF HENRY DE BRACTON

The Man Who Collected Our Laws Seven Hundred Years Ago MEMORIAL TO A MAN OF DEVON

Exeter Cathedral is to have a new memorial.

It is to be raised in honour of a man with whose name not one person in a thousand is familiar. What does Henry de Bracton mean to us? Nothing so far as the school books tell us. Yet he was a lesser Moses to England.

His real name was probably Bratton, though there are many spellings, and two Devonshire villages and a village in Somerset claim the honour of cradling him 700 years ago. He grew up a parson-lawyer and became a judge travelling the Courts of the West of England. He may have been Lord Chief Justice for a time, but we are not sure. He certainly became Chancellor of Exeter Cathedral, died there, and lies in an unhonoured vault on the north side of the entrance to the choir.

England's Finest Law Books

The England of his day was far from lawless, but it had not a well-fixed legal system. We had Roman laws, we had some laws which the Conqueror had brought in—trial by jury, for example, is French and we had laws copied from the system of Italy. But there was no fixed code, no table of precedents to guide any judge to a just decision.

Bracton gave the best part of his life to establishing a code. He wrote the finest law books England had ever had. He examined all manner of possibilities in law, showed how they should be dealt with, and gave five hundred examples of the profoundest judgments ever delivered to support his cases.

A Fine Ambition

It was purely a labour of love, the work of a man whose ambition was that justice should be done between man and man in England. And for centuries that good scholar's work was the guiding light of judges and counsels in the land.

He was a lawgiver without making laws. He showed the learned and the ignorant what was right, what should be done, what human genius had accomplished in preceding ages for the righting of wrongs, for the maintenance of equity.

So, without knowing it, peer and peasant in our land were ruled, governed, and protected from that grave in the old cathedral of Exeter. For centuries no law book was written which was not based on Bracton.

Champion of the People

Nearly four centuries after his death, Henry de Bracton was brought up in judgment upon an unjust king. At the trial of Charles the First, Bracton was quoted to show how English people had faced their kings without quailing; and Milton cited him, in his "Defence of the People of England," as authority for the fact that passive obedience to an evil-doing king had been refused by the nation from time immemorial.

Bracton died in 1268, and his bones have mouldered unhonoured in the beautiful sanctuary which he loved and served. Now, at last, a committee headed by Sir Henry Duke, a great judge and an illustrious son of Devon, is to repair this sin of omission. Bracton, present unseen in all our oldest good laws, will have a worthy memorial in the place where his gentle spirit has so long brooded.

A GIRL AND HER FAMOUS BOOK

HOUSE IN WHICH SHE WROTE

How Little Fanny's Secret Astonished the World STORY OF A SURREY ESTATE

Camilla Lacey, a beautiful old estate in Surrey, has been sold, and grown-ups think with fondness of its first owner, and wonder if in their midst there is another unsuspected Fanny Burney. For the old house, which was damaged by fire a few years ago, was built by England's first great woman writer.

Fanny Burney was a daughter of old Dr. Burney, a musician and historian of his art, whom we can never forget on account of a strange adventure he once had. The poor man was in France when a revolutionary upheaval came, and he had to pay a fabulous price to be carried across the Channel.

The voyage was a long and terrible one, and the Doctor was so ill that he swooned from exhaustion, was overlooked, and revived to find that he had been carried back to Calais and had his voyage to renew.

The Town Goes Wild

Fanny was the youngest daughter in a household to which music drew the greatest people in Europe. She was a shy little mouse, with practically no systematic education, hardly able to talk to anyone for nervousness, always keeping herself in the background, but observing with the fidelity of a camera.

While she was still young a book called "Evelina" appeared. It was a masterpiece of character-drawing and good narrative. The town went wild over it. Its authorship was ascribed to great men, to this genius and to that. But it was little Fanny's!

She had written it in secret, and had got her brother to take it to a publisher as the work of a man. The brother alone was allowed to know. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke sat up all night to read it; Johnson declared it to contain things that the greatest men novelists of the age could not have done. Miss Burney sold it for £20; it made a fortune for its publisher.

Uncrowned Queen of Society

When it came out that Fanny was the author, when her father read it, when the news ran round the circle in which she had been the ugly duckling of the family, there was great excitement and universal delight.

Fanny was for a time an uncrowned queen of society, not because she was pretty or talented in conversation, or musical or artistic, but because her neat little head was the seat of wisdom which the greatest about her could not excel.

"My little Burney," Dr. Johnson would call her, and taking her in his great, strong arms he would hug her with fatherly delight, saying "My little Burney, be a good girl."

She married, became Madame D'Arblay, and had a very unhappy life. We forget her novels today, but her diaries are among the treasures of our language. We all love little Fanny, even without the help of Macaulay's delightful essay on her life and works. And that is why the sale of Camilla Lacey revives happy memories for all of us who know her writings.

LONDON'S CLOCK UNBEATEN

San Francisco has erected a great town clock which it claims is the biggest in the world. But San Francisco has forgotten Big Ben, for while the American clock has a minute hand eleven feet long, weighing 200 pounds, Big Ben's minute hand is 14 feet long and weighs 224 pounds.

REMARKABLE LIFE OF A CRATER

Lions and Gorillas, Giants and Dwarfs

A ZOO AND A BOTANICAL GARDEN

Craters are sometimes homes for strange creatures. In the first century B.C., for instance, there lived in the crater of Vesuvius the chieftain Spartacus and his rebel slaves.

But surely crater never before housed such a strange family as the crater of Ngoro Ngoro, in Central Africa.

The crater is a giant, many miles round and 2000 feet deep, and in its colossal cup are found lions, leopards, gorillas, and numerous other animals, some hitherto unknown. At one time, evidently, the natives also made their home there, for cave dwellings, now deserted, are to be seen.

The flowers of Ngoro Ngoro are plentiful and gorgeous. Anemones of all shades of purple grow luxuriantly, and there are enormous masses of white lilies, and ferns twenty feet high. The native races included pigmies and giants. It is thought there are 75,000 head of game that never leave the crater.

Sir Charles Ross has now bought the crater, so that he owns at once a zoo and a botanical garden, and we are very glad indeed to hear that he is to convert it into a scientific sanctuary for game.

See World Map

LORD KINNAIRD

A Christian Gentleman

The life and character of the late Lord Kinnaird, the President of the Y.M.C.A. and the Football Association, and one of the founders of the Polytechnic, were good enough to answer once for all the people who fancy that one cannot be in sport and yet keep "unspotted from the world."

Lord Kinnaird was one of the most magnetic of Christian gentlemen, and at the same time one of the soundest, manliest, and most skilful of sportsmen.

Lord Kinnaird did many fine things admirably. He helped in the guidance of very noble institutions in a spirit of the sincerest Christianity, but it may be questioned whether any of his work was better than the influence he wielded in the inner councils of football.

No finer footballer ever chased the bounding sphere. Nine times he played in Cup Finals. He won the right to wear five gold medals. And everyone knew him to be a sportsman without reproach. But with that fine record was intertwined a record of Christian service of the purest character.

Manliness, breadth, piety, sanity, were the hallmarks of this fine Scottish nobleman, and long may they be as closely interwoven in the men who supervise our healthful recreations.

SILENCE IN THE TUBES

Shall We be Able to Talk Quietly?

At present, as most of us know, it requires a very strident voice to carry on a conversation in a tube train; but some experiments have been made by Professor Low in the hope of finding a way of reducing the noise.

Professor Low made investigations by means of what he calls an audiometer, which photographs sound, and found that the roofs of the carriages are largely to blame. By packing the roofs with asbestos the Professor found that the noise could be greatly reduced, and he discovered that a leather or wooden rim round the wheels was also beneficial.

The company accordingly commissioned five carriage builders to construct less noisy cars, building one themselves at the same time; and as the result of trials now being made, a new type of car will be introduced, in which it is hoped that a quiet conversation will be possible.

LISTENING-IN

BETTER AND BETTER AND BETTER

Lectures, Dinner-Parties, Concerts, and Dances

PAYING THE PIPER

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

Wireless broadcasting and listening-in are rapidly entering into the everyday life of thousands of people.

Aerials are appearing in gardens and on housetops like mushrooms overnight; wireless receptions, concerts, and dances are held regularly; and hardly a day passes but one may read in the newspaper about this wonderful and far-reaching science.

It is difficult to think of any scientific innovation which has been received with such goodwill and enthusiasm and so little scepticism as broadcasting.

Iron ships were a madman's dream; the steam locomotive was to be the ruin of rural England; the first umbrella was greeted with jeers; the Thames Tunnel and the lighting of streets by gas were greeted with solemn mockery; the bare idea of flying was supposed to be impious. Even Marconi was doubted by some when he declared that he had signalled across the Atlantic. It is largely due to the newspapers that the wireless telephone has not had to struggle for years against the ignorance and prejudice of official departments.

Tiger-Catching for Listeners-In

Every week brings forth some surprise for listeners-in. The other night we were switched on to a restaurant where a dinner-party was being held, and we heard the chairman's speech and a fine lecture by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Since then we have heard a speech by Sir Joseph Cook, the fine High Commissioner for Australia, and a most interesting talk about tiger-catching by a gentleman "who has done it." All this in addition to heaps of nice music by the wireless orchestra at Marconi House, and once by the band of H.M. Irish Guards.

The broadcasting is being done chiefly by the British Broadcasting Company, and, as may be easily understood, costs a great deal, for there are already five stations at work. Now, the only income this company has is a share of the money paid to the Post Office for licences and a tax paid to them by the makers of wireless apparatus intended for the reception of concerts.

The Need for Licences

We must all remember, therefore, to take out licences and to renew them each year, first because that is the law, and next because, if we do not help to pay the piper, he will cease to pipe. The cost of the licence is very small compared with the benefits.

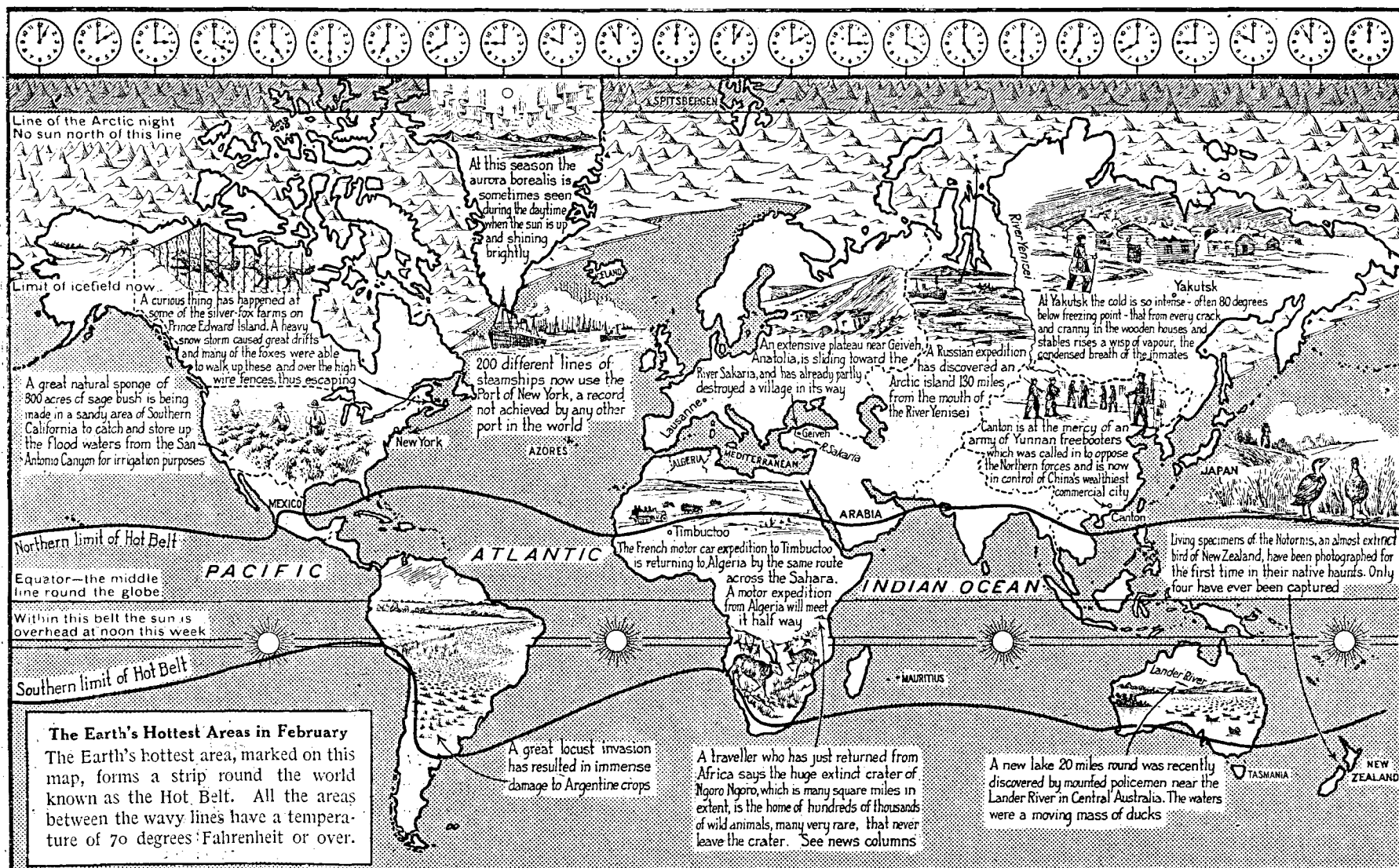
It is feared that many people are enjoying the wireless concerts without having taken out a licence, and such behaviour is unfair, not only to the firm which provides the music, but to people who pay like honest citizens. It is to be hoped that C.N. readers will do their best to have all such examples brought to light and dealt with in the interests of fairplay and the public.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Raeburn	£546
A Queen Anne loving cup	£413
Four Queen Anne mirrors	£262
A rock-crystal chandelier	£180
Worcester dessert service	£155
An old English spinet	£147
Worcester tea service, 32 pieces	£126
An Irish potato ring, 1786	£109
An 1850 Saxony stamp	£31

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE HOT BELT ROUND THE WORLD



OUR POOR RELATIONS Chimpanzees with Malaria SCIENCE MAKES A DISCOVERY

The Government has offered to Cambridge University a grant of £30,000 to found a professorship for the study of animal diseases.

It has long been known that the man-like apes suffer from diseases which afflict human beings. That is why they are screened by sheets of glass from the public at the Zoo. The device is good for the health of these creatures, but bad for their spirits; for they love contact with mankind.

The latest discovery about them comes from workers of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Representatives of the School at work in Sierra Leone have found that the chimpanzees in the area in which they are engaged suffer, as we do, from malaria.

There had been suspicion in the matter before, so a mission was sent up country, and it returns to confirm the suspicion. Chimpanzees have been found infected, but not seriously ill, by the germ which causes violent malaria in men.

The method of attack on the apes is, of course, the same as upon ourselves. A mosquito which bears the parasite bites the chimpanzee, and in doing so squeezes the bacillus from its throat into the blood of the ape.

THE WAY THE BIRDS GO Why East and West?

Why do the flocks of birds in Hyde Park separate and fly off in different directions at night?

This is a question now interesting bird lovers, for it has been observed that the sea gulls always go off westward, while the starlings fly east. One of the gardeners in the Park, who has studied the habits of the birds, thinks the gulls go west because they like open spaces, while the starlings are used to the houses and buildings of a big city and prefer a crowded part.

A NEW ROAD FOR THE BLACK COUNTRY From Birmingham to Wolverhampton

Many new roads are being made in various parts of the country, but a specially interesting one is that shortly to be begun between Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

In the heart of the Black Country this new road will pass over strange geological formations which tell something of the beginning of Earth's career.

At one point it will be overlooked by a small, broken cliff composed of pebbles and sand tightly massed together. This is the remains of an ancient sea beach, a reminder that once the greater part of England lay beneath the sea. Once the billows and breakers roared where now the clang of steam hammers is heard and men burrow deep for coal. And the gloomy factory areas through which the road will pass were once the haunts of primitive men who smelted iron ore in crude earthen hearths.

SUNLIGHT Not Always a Boon

While in this country we are crying out for more sun, doctors in sunnier lands are lecturing on the dangers of too much sunlight, and at the last meeting of the Rhodesia Scientific Association at Salisbury, Dr. W. M. Hewetson read a paper pointing out that blondes are particularly liable to be injured by exposure to chemical rays of light, whether they fall on the skin or on the eyes. He mentioned, too, the interesting fact that Europeans in South Africa who spend the day in the open without sun glasses, find that they have little mental energy at night.

The actual heat of the sun is, of course, a separate matter, but Dr. Hewetson also dealt with that side of the question, and strongly condemned the houses of corrugated iron, in which people are sometimes roasted and stewed.

LITTLE TRAVELLERS More Records of Baby Voyagers

Our readers continue sending us accounts of children's travels by land and sea in their earliest years.

Here are two more experiences from London and from Bury.

In six months and twenty eight days a little lassie, a year and eight months old when she arrived back in England, had been round the world by the following route: Avonmouth, New York, Savannah, Panama Canal, San Pedro, Los Angeles. Then across the Pacific to Yokohama, Kobe, Moji; to China, visiting Tsingtau, Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. To the Philippines, calling at Manila and Iloilo. Thence to Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Perim, Suez Canal to Algiers, Marseilles, Paris, Calais, Dover.

The other lassie left Tilbury at the age of three months and two weeks, and was back when a year and seven months old, having been to Australia via Gibraltar, Naples, Taranto, Suez, Colombo, Fremantle, and Adelaide to Melbourne; and after touring about in Australia, she returned the same way, but with calls at Genoa and Algiers en route to Southampton.

THE NEW PIANO Pedals Instead of Keys

For those whose skill in music extends to the mastery of several instruments the latest invention in the musical world will especially appeal.

It is a tiny pianoforte, one might almost call it a piano-foot, for it is designed with its keyboard close to the ground, and has pedals instead of keys, so that the musician can play an accompaniment with his feet to any other instrument which he holds in his hands.

The foot piano is as convenient to take about as a fiddle, being under three feet high, two feet wide, and three inches deep. It has nine treble and nine bass notes, which can be varied to nine different keys by a simple device.

DISCOVERY WORTH A FORTUNE Oil That will not Catch Fire THE SAFETY BLANKET

A remarkably simple idea has been adopted for saving enormous sums of money in the oil-fields.

Petroleum, like all other fluids, gradually evaporates when exposed to the air. Even the heavier crude oils lose five per cent. of their volume when stored in tanks for two years, and light grades of oil evaporate even more rapidly.

It has been estimated, indeed, that the evaporation from crude and refined products stored in tanks represents a loss of between four and five million pounds a year.

But now, after much experiment and research, the Standard Oil Company has found a way of preventing evaporation by merely covering the oil with a thick blanket of a prepared chemical substance.

The substance is called sealite, and consists of a mixture containing glucose, corn starch, glycerine, calcium chloride and glue. It looks like thick white paint, and is non-poisonous and non-combustible. It is spread one inch thick over the whole surface of the oil, and it has been found that oil so protected loses neither weight nor volume through evaporation.

Sealite not only prevents loss from evaporation, but also prevents loss from fire. Even when an explosive mixture is ignited on the top of the protective coating the oil does not catch fire, and bonfires lighted on top of the coating do not spread to the oil.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Deschutes	Day-shoot
Hakluyt	Hak-loot
Lausanne	Lo-zahn
Palimpsest	Pal-imp-sest
Piña	Feen yah
Schenectady	Ske-nek-tah-ic

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 17 1923

All for Each and Each for All

Thou canst not touch a flower
Without troubling of a star

THE poet understood it long ago; how long must we wait for the politician to learn it too? How long is it to be before our Governments understand how much the nations of the world are dependent on each other and how an injury to one is an injury to all?

The Germans destroy the mills and mines of France without seeing that their own mills and mines must suffer in consequence. The French seize the rich coal mines of Germany without realising that the impoverishment of Germany can never enrich France. America asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" and would wash her hands of a still war-mad Europe.

Yet the whole world is bound together by shipping and railway and banking systems and interests, so that if one nation suffers the others must all suffer with it.

When the mark falls the franc falls, the lira falls, and the pound loses its purchasing value. There are unemployed men in England today who lost their work on the fields of Flanders. Men employed in Manchester today will be deprived of their wages tomorrow by the Frenchmen in the valley of the Ruhr.

Right across the wide Atlantic stretch the cables and plough the liners. Not even North America can escape the effects of a strike in Europe; not even the great American continent can say to Europe, "I am not my brother's keeper." Every cannon fired in Europe is heard or felt in Chicago and New York. Every act of war leaves its mark throughout the world.

It is hard sometimes to trace cause and effect, but we know the chain is there. We read, for instance, that the occupation of German territory by the French has closed down iron mines in Newfoundland, and thrown 2500 men there out of work. Thousands of men and their wives and children, thousands of miles from the Rhine, face misery and destitution because the nations of Europe, who profess to worship the Prince of Peace, are for ever fearing or hating each other.

Yet we are all—Frenchmen or Germans, English or Irish, Europeans or Americans—members of the same race, the same human family, children of the same Father, inheritors of the same wonderful world.

Is it not more than time that the nations of Europe and elsewhere began to realise that the happiness of the world depends on goodwill and mutual cooperation, all for each, and each for all?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Poor Doctor

A DOCTOR in a county court the other day confessed that he could not read his own handwriting. We hope he will not be writing a prescription for us.

David Stays His Sling

TWO small English boys trudging up a slippery hill on skis. Three tall foreign louts plotting mischief in the rear. A big boot suddenly hooked round a small ankle. A fall. A mock apology. The little Englishman on his feet, only to be thrown again. The louts close in. An adult appears. Hasty flight of the louts.

"What had I done to him, anyway?" demands the small, indignant, snow-plastered Englishman. He snorts, and adds violently, "I'd have lammed him with my ski-stick, only he hadn't got one, and it wouldn't have been fair."

Thus have true Englishmen ever spoken! If we lost every oil and gold field, every cotton and rubber plantation, every sheep ranch and fishery in the Empire, we should still be a proud nation with boys like these.



How Prohibition is Emptying the Prisons in Massachusetts

The big figures show the proportion of prisoners before, and the little figures after, Prohibition

Happiness

WE are asked if we think that modern inventions have made men happier; but it is a very big question for a very short note.

Modern inventions make life safer, more comfortable, give us greater opportunities for pleasure, but these alone cannot make us happy. We may be sure that in the Dark Ages there were martyrs chained in dungeons, waiting to die at the stake or on the gallows for a faith or a principle, who were far happier than many a wealthy magnate of today, surrounded with all the conveniences and comforts that science can supply.

For happiness is a state of mind, and to obtain it we must have work to do, a good end to work for, a kindly heart to urge us on, and a clear conscience through it all—all very ancient inventions that have never been patented and that science has never been able to improve on.

On Familiar Terms

AN Englishman has been boasting that the sovereign is doing well, and is just beginning to look a dollar in the face.

An American friend replies that he has been on more familiar terms for a long time—kissing the dollar goodbye for years!

Tip-Cat

FRANCE denies that she is putting back the clock of progress on the Ruhr. She is only stopping the Watch on the Rhine.

THE voice is the most fragile instrument in the world. The one a boy has always gets broken.

SOMEBODY has invented a new board game said to be better than draughts.

Draught-players will be getting the wind up.

HOUSEHOLDER wants to know how to check the gas therm. Try a thermometer.

A CORRESPONDENT says opportunities are to be found in Canada. We often wondered where they had gone to.

A HATTER declares that he would like to see every working man in a top hat. He thinks this would make them high class.

PESSIMISTS are saying that the British Empire is melting away. Must be because the sun never sets on it.

AIRMEN are collecting mailbags—the most exciting form of stamp-collecting.

A PHYSICIAN says girls sleep more lightly than boys. Surely it depends on their weight?

WE should all, it is urged, put our hearts into our work. But wouldn't that make us heartless?

A girl whose habits are untidy
Can hardly hope to be a lady,
But if her soul is never shady
She can, of course, become a lady.

The Home Makers

WE have been reading that girls object to domestic service because they think it "beneath them." They would rather serve behind a counter or be typists, we are told.

We hope this is not generally true. It is much cleverer to cook a good dinner than to type a letter, to make a room look nice than to sell ribbons in a shop.

There is no finer work in the world than learning to run a home, and as for being "beneath us," the only work that can humiliate us is the work we do badly, whatever it is.

To a Bully

TAKE care: the path you walk
along
Leads farther than you know;
In prison men are lying fast
Who walked where now you go.

It is a Godlike thing to help
The feeble and the weak:
It is a Christlike thing to be
Both merciful and meek.

BUT like a beast it surely is,
Nay, like the heart of Cain,
To find on this brave, struggling
Earth
A joy in causing pain.

WHAT think you of the thief
who steals
The money of the blind?
The cur who with a dagger strikes
His foeman from behind?

O WHAT a soul the coward owns
Who flees before the strong,
And only when he finds the weak
Dare do his cruel wrong!

THE lowest things that creep
this Earth,
The vilest of sin's crew,
The men whom all men loathe
the most,
As boys began like you. H. B.

Up On the Heights

By Our Country Girl

HIGH up on the shoulder of the Alps is a small wooden house that calls itself the Restaurant Franconi.

Sometimes it is cut off from the lower world as completely as if it were an island. But when the snow-plough has made it possible people come hither in holiday clothes, with holiday faces.

They unpack their sandwiches at tables round the stove, calling for bowls of hot coffee. Sometimes they are even better customers, ordering an omelette and buying post cards.

They look round at the stainless peaks. They look down at the green lakes. They listen for the hidden waterfall. At last, when the mountain tops turn rosy, they go reluctantly down to the workaday world.

Alp Gurm will always remain one of their happiest memories: such peace, such loneliness, such intoxicating air! It was like spending an hour in Heaven. If a man could live there for ever, they think, he could easily become a saint and a poet. How unlucky they are to live in the ugly, noisy towns of the lower world!

Meanwhile the woman who served them stands to watch the last figure out of sight. Her young husband died of pneumonia last autumn. She had to send her two children to their grandmother in the valley. It is lonely living up here with her great white neighbours.

A Pleasant Smile

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

February 17, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

TURKS COMING BACK TO EUROPE

ALLIES THROWING AWAY THE VICTORY

Great Britain's Lonely Fight Round the Conference Table

THE LAUSANNE TREATY

By Our Political Correspondent

The inevitable has happened. The differences between the "Allies," and the breaking away of America, have stirred the resistance of the Turks, and Turkey is winning back all she lost in the war. Great Britain, alone in her fight against the Turk, has not been able to keep him back as a troubler of Europe.

The break-up of the Lausanne Conference without any settlement of the many questions, that are dangerous to peace in the Near East was a pitiable illustration of what may happen when on the one side is a nation regarding war as morally right and proper, and on the other side nations that detest the whole idea of war.

The Price of Peace

By war alone the Turk has won all that he has, or ever had. His religion sanctifies war in his eyes. His only objection is to unsuccessful war. The nations conferring with him at Lausanne had learned by a terrible experience to loathe war, and the Turk knew that. The Lausanne Conference gave him an opportunity of asking everything he wished for, and pressing for almost all of it as the price of peace.

If he abated one jot of all his wishes he regarded that abatement as a great sacrifice. It was not a sacrifice of something he had, but a sacrifice of something he would like to get. In that spirit the Conference was carried on, and it broke up with the treaty unsigned because the countries that were bargaining with him would not give him more.

The Unsatisfied Turk

Step by step they gave way until Turkey had won a diplomatic victory greater than anyone could have conceived as possible three months ago; and yet the victorious Turk was unsatisfied. He refused beyond the twelfth hour to sign a treaty that would give him 80 per cent. of his wishes because he could not realise another ten per cent.

Let us see what he has got, and what more he wished, for he is master of all Asia Minor. He has removed from his territory the Christian races he has been trying for generations to kill off; he has freed the Straits from warlike interference by strong Sea Powers; his armies return into Europe, and he is re-established there in full strength, with the command of Constantinople; he has reduced to a trifling amount his debts for war damage; he has abolished other nations' law courts in Turkish territory; and he sees a possibility of re-occupying Mosul and dominating Mesopotamia afresh.

Conference Will Not Give Way

All this the Turk asked, and had granted to him, because he had defeated the ambition of Greece, and because Western Europe so thoroughly hated the idea of more war.

What was it the Turk wanted besides? He wanted some further reduction of the financial claims made on him, though already they had been made ludicrously small; and, more important, he wanted the complete establishment of trial of Europeans in Turkish courts, by

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A section of rubber paving has been laid in a small street off Holborn, London.

The French airman Barbot has made a new gliding record by remaining in the air for eight and a half hours.

£10,000 for a Birthday

The 80th birthday gift to Sir William Treloar, on behalf of his Cripples Home, at Alton, has reached about £10,000.

London's Weather

London is now having a separate weather forecast three times daily, instead of being grouped with the south-east of England.

A Wood Pigeon's Age

In January died, at Thorney, Cambridgeshire, a wood pigeon that was found and reared in the summer of 1895. It had been cared for and had lived under observation for over 26 years.

Owing to a glut of fish, herrings were recently sold as Teignmouth at forty a penny.

The Livingstonia Schools, in Nyasaland, are very grateful for copies of the C.N. that continue to arrive.

Polecat for the Zoo

One of the rarest English animals, a polecat, has been presented to the London Zoo. It was caught in Cardiganshire.

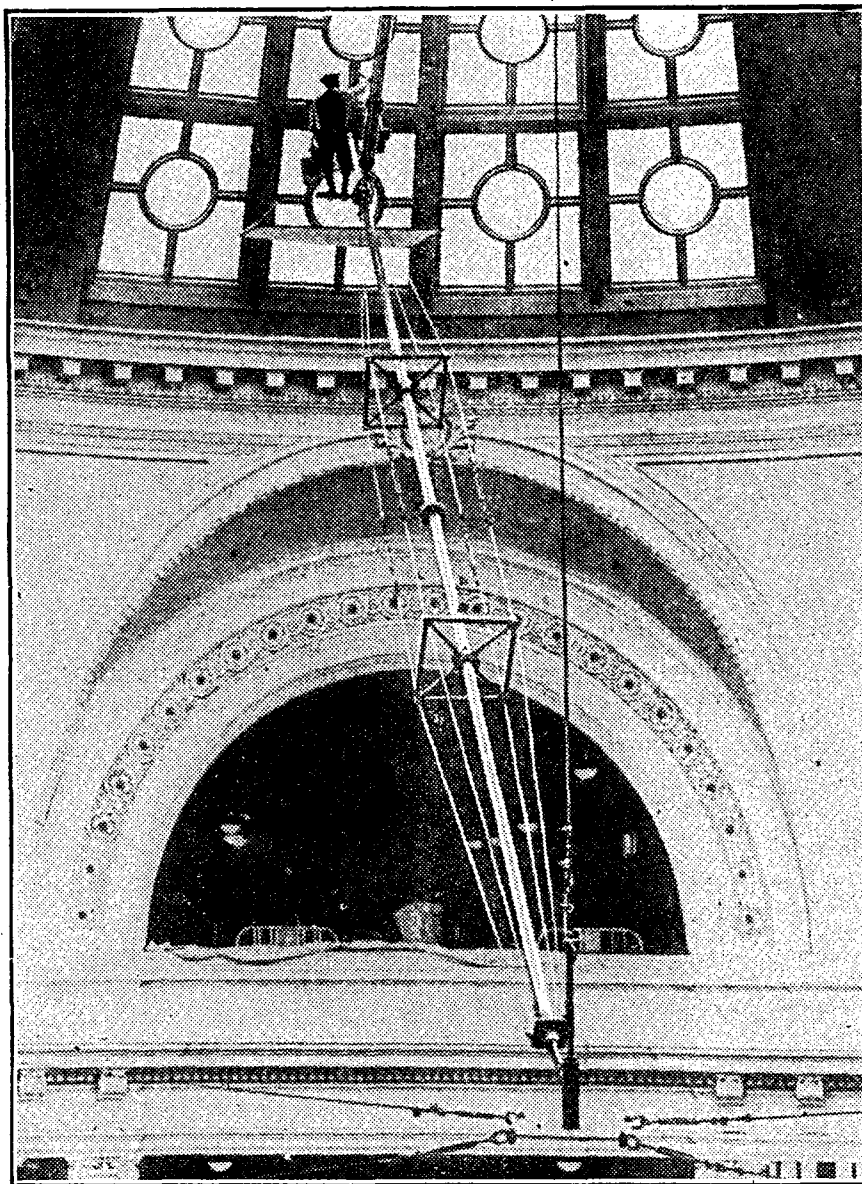
Flowers in Wales

A reader visiting Llandudno counted in a garden behind Great Orme's Head 50 varieties of flowers in the first week of this year.

Night Flights

Experimental night flights have begun between Croydon and Paris. A chain of guiding lights on either side of the Channel shows the pilot the way.

CLEANING THE BIG DOME



Here is a new and clever way of cleaning the inside of a big dome. Instead of building up a great scaffold all round the dome, a very costly proceeding, a steel cable is dropped from the centre of the dome, a derrick arrangement with a seat is attached to the end of the cable, and this is held in position with four guy-ropes. It can be easily swung round and the derrick extended to any length.

Continued from the previous column

Turkish law, whatever might be the matter in dispute, without any intervention of European law or European methods of justice.

On this point of justice the Conference would not give way, well-knowing that Turkish justice means corruption, and that, under it, business would be carried on only by bribery. In the name of Turkish liberty, the Turk demanded the right to do as he liked in his own law courts. The other Powers demanded the right to have a non-Turkish official observer in the courts to protect the stranger within the Turkish gates. On this point the Conference broke up, before the obstinacy of the Turkish nature would give way with good grace

and admit of the treaty being signed. The reason why the Turk was so persistent was because he thought that the unity of the Allies had failed. He himself had a limited treaty with one of them in his pocket, and he suspected that Great Britain was tired of policing the world for other nations, and paying their war bills. A little more of the pressure of uncertainty, he thought, and Britain, too, would give way, following America's lead into retirement; and then Turkey would indeed realise her wishes.

It is well that the uncertainty without a settlement should be avoided; but the final ending is not yet, and a Turkish victory in diplomacy cannot be regarded as hopeful at all if a long view of consequences is taken.

BARBARA OF THE ZOO

POLAR BEAR'S LINE DIES OUT

The Well-known Mother who Used to Eat Her Children

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT

By Our Natural Historian

The London Zoo has lost a general favourite by the death of Barbara, the great Polar bear.

Countless multitudes of children had looked with delight on this splendid creature, watched her at play and at food; and thousands of men and women remember her as a friend of their childhood, for she had been in London for nineteen years.

As she gave pleasure and instruction to so many people Barbara was a great success from one point of view; but from the naturalist's standpoint she was a failure. Nature asks of her children in the wilds that, if they grow up, they shall leave one of their kind to succeed them. Barbara had not done so.

Sad Fate of the Cubs

For many years Barbara's heart rejoiced over the birth of cubs, even as recently as last December. But never could she rear one. No Polar bear cub has ever grown up in London. Birds from the tropics can rear their nestlings in our climate; bison from the wild north-west can bring their calves to maturity at the Zoo; but cubs of the Polar bear have always fallen victims to microbes to which the Arctic regions are forbidden territory.

Some died naturally; some Barbara ate as soon as they sickened; some Sam, her mate, devoured. So Barbara passes and her line dies out. That is sad, for if we could have reared one of her cubs we might have founded a little race of Zoo-born bears of her species which would have defied the English winter.

Polar Bear Feels the Cold

Even adult Polar bears find our winters unwelcome. When frost and snow reach us, grown-up papers tell us that the only creatures to enjoy the conditions are the white bears. The fact is that these animals have the greatest dislike for their native climatic conditions transferred to a new setting.

At home, when out in the open, they are kept warm and active by a continuous, anxious search for food. Here food comes to them; their energies are untaxed, and they feel the cold and discomfort as much as we do.

Probably Barbara had reached the end of her spell of life. Big animals such as she may die out in luxurious captivity sooner than they wear out in healthy, hard-working liberty. A den at the Zoo wards off the perils of starvation and the dangers of attack from other bears in the contest for food; but anxiety and effort are good for animals, within limits, as they are good for human beings.

The Last Wail

Contented as they seem in their grand dens on the Mappin terrace, the bears have their dreams of home and their aching discontents. When the rest of us are sleeping and imagine bears to be doing the same, there rises at dead of night a voice from the bears which those who have heard it never forget—a hoarse and savage blare, the song of the lone Arctic, as fitted to those white deserts as the night anthem of the crickets under the gleaming skies of the Riviera. Barbara has roared her last deep note, and the cry now heard is the sad wail of her lonely companion.

OLD KING COAL SPLENDID RECOVERY IN OUR OUTPUT

Ruhr Valley Trouble and the
British Mines

IMMENSE ORDERS FROM GERMANY

By Our Economic Correspondent

It is splendid news that the British coal industry is making recovery.

In 1921, when the three months' stoppage of work occurred, British coal mines produced only 164 million tons, and how bad that was may be gathered from the fact that in the year before the war we produced about as much coal as that in seven months. If things had gone on as they were in 1921 the country would have been ruined.

Last year, however, there was such a quick recovery that we produced 263 million tons of coal, which is only 24 millions less than in the very best year of British trade, 1913.

What Depends on Coal

The recovery was pronounced in the closing months of the year, and it is, we are glad to say, still continuing. It looks almost as though the pre-war record will soon be beaten.

That British coal should thus again get going is a most helpful thing for the country at large. It matters to us in many ways, but four ways in particular—in manufacturing, in land transport, in electrical supply, and in shipping.

As to manufacturing, the possession of cheap coal enables us to make goods at a reasonable price, so that we can sell them abroad in exchange for food and raw materials.

As to land transport, cheap coal enables us to run our railways to advantage.

As to electricity supply, the electric current we use is merely transformed coal, so that cheap coal means cheap electricity for industrial and domestic use.

Profitable Voyages

As to shipping, coal plays a very big part indeed, not merely in working ships but in giving profitable cargoes. Ship-owners, for example, send a ship out to South America laden with coal, and bring her back laden with wheat, so that the ship makes a profitable voyage both outward and homeward. If the ship had not the coal to take out, it would cost more to bring home the wheat, because the wheat cargo would have to bear the cost of working the ship both ways instead of only one.

Now we can understand why it is that a coal revival means much to all our people, for we all thrive when manufacturing and shipping thrive.

The British coal industry will be greatly influenced by the new trouble in Germany if the French persist in occupying the Ruhr district. The French are cutting off the Ruhr coal from the rest of Germany by putting soldiers all round it, and as the Ruhr is one of the richest German coal areas the French policy is a serious one for German industry.

The Currents of Trade

As the Germans must either get coal or close their factories, they are sending big orders for British coal. Before the war North Germany bought a great deal of British coal, but the Ruhr situation has created a German demand for hundreds of thousands of tons of coal from British mines.

We see how strangely the currents of trade are influenced. A step taken with one object in view may have consequences quite unthought of by those who take it. We do not by any means rejoice at the new peril which has come to Europe, and for all we know British trade as a whole may suffer much more through the general disturbance of commerce than it will directly gain through the German coal purchases.

MADEIRA DID AN ENGLISHMAN DISCOVER IT?

A Runaway Ship and Its
Precious Cargo

VOYAGES EAST WHICH ENDED WEST

Madeira has been celebrating the 500th anniversary of its discovery by the Portuguese courtier-seaman, John Gonsalves Zargo, or Zarco. The festival is late, for the event occurred in 1420.

Like so many other incidents in the history of exploration, Madeira came by accident to human knowledge. Zargo was sent out by Prince Henry of Portugal to sail round Cape Bojador, and to see what lay beyond that point of unknown Africa. He was wrecked on a desolate island, which he named Porto Santo. From there he discovered Madeira, 26 miles to the north.

But, according to Portuguese history, according to our historian Hakluyt, and to romances and ballads innumerable, Madeira had already been found, in 1370, by an Englishman.

The Gale in Command

The story is this. In the reign of Edward III a young English squire named Robert Machin became engaged to a distinguished beauty, Anna d'Arset, or Dorset, whose father plighted her to a wealthy and powerful baron and caused her young lover to be cast into prison.

Machin escaped from prison and fled with his sweetheart. They had a little ship waiting off Bristol, and they sailed away on a summer evening for France. But as Vikings, sailing to Greenland, had been blown to America, 400 years earlier, and as Cabral, sailing for India in 1500, was blown to Brazil, so our lovers were blown south-west when they sought to steer south-east.

For 13 days a great gale raged, and the little ship staggered away and away. On the fourteenth day a wooded island rose from the sea, and, to their great delight, the fugitives were able to land and find shelter in lovely surroundings.

But another gale drove the ship away, and poor Anna Dorset died and was buried on the island. One account says that her heart-broken lover perished and was laid to rest in the same green grave with her.

History or Fable?

The survivors made a boat from a tree, and, setting sail, were driven upon the coast of Morocco. One version is that they were made prisoners, and told their adventures to another captive, a famous pilot, who, escaping to Europe, brought home the story with him.

The other account has it that the Moors regarded the appearance of the wanderers as a miracle, and sent them as a wonder to Spain, and that their story led to the re-discovery of Madeira which the lovers had found by accident.

All this is supposed to have happened in 1370. The story originated with a squire of the court of Prince Henry of Portugal, who sent Zargo forth in 1418. It was written down as history by Antonio Galvano, who lived in the days of Columbus, and it is enshrined with the deeds of all our sea-going heroes by our immortal Richard Hakluyt. It may be truth; it may be fable; but stranger things than Machin's reputed adventures have happened.

SAFETY FIRST

Protecting the Buoys

American harbour authorities have always been troubled through their buoys being fouled and either damaged or moved by the towlines of tugs when the tugs turn corners too sharply.

Now the buoys are being equipped with saw-tooth protecting frames, which will sever any hawser that strikes them.

PAPER BARRELS Another Good Idea from America

MACHINE THAT MAKES ONE A MINUTE

So many wonderful things can be done with paper that we can scarcely be surprised when we hear it has been put to yet another use.

During the war paper was used in Germany for making suits of clothes, and now America is using a machine for making paper barrels.

The paper barrel machine is so simple that it almost seems strange it has not been thought of before. It has a two-part cylinder which withdraws the paper from a roll, and, as each layer is drawn over, it is coated with a gummy substance, so that the layers of paper are welded into a firm mass. Then, by drawing the cylinder apart, the barrel can be made to take the required shape.

Paper barrels are so strong that they can stand as rough treatment as wooden ones; and, as they can be made in all shapes, they are put to a greater number of uses. They can be packed more tightly than ordinary barrels in the holds of ships, so that the danger of shifting and crushing is reduced.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about the paper barrel is the speed with which it can be turned out by the machine. It takes only one minute to make an ordinary barrel.

American manufacturers are now making paper barrels at their own factories for packing their goods, so that immediately the merchandise is turned out, barrels of the right size and shape are ready to store it.

When one thinks of the time and skill expended by the cooper and hooper in making a wooden barrel, it can easily be understood how valuable the paper-barrel machine may be in speeding up the world's trade.

HIDDEN WRITINGS

Science and the Palimpsest

The hidden writings of a palimpsest can be revealed with wonderful distinctness by a new application of the ultra-violet rays.

Old manuscripts written on the top of other parchment writings, almost erased, are known as palimpsests, and in many cases the original writing, could it be restored, is of far greater interest than the writing on the top of it.

It was discovered in 1915 that the erased parchment would not glow if illuminated with ultra-violet rays, but that the untouched parchment would glow, so that if a photograph were taken, the glow would appear on the plate, leaving the hidden writing quite distinct.

This method has just been improved to an almost inconceivable extent, and Professor Svedberg, the famous physicist, has now been able to decipher a famous manuscript in the University of Upsala which had long been a mystery.

PHILANTHROPIC TITS

Story of a Lamp-post

Mr. S. D. Potter, of Hampton, who is one of the wise and happy people who take a friendly interest in birds, noticed the other morning two blue tits hovering round a street lamp, and went up to see what was happening there.

To his surprise he found another blue tit inside the lamp. It had apparently entered by the ventilator and could not find its way out again.

The two tits outside were not merely sympathising with the imprisoned tit—they were actually trying to feed it through the glass with bits of fat. Naturally, the fat would not go through the glass and dropped to the ground, but the charitable tits always picked the bits up again and tried anew. Mr. Potter watched them for about ten minutes, and then climbed the lamp-post and set the prisoner free.

A WHITE BEAVER PROBLEMS OF COLOUR IN HAIR AND FLESH

Turning Grey in Half an Hour

THE SECRET OF A LEMMING'S COAT

The favourite colour for ladies' coats is "beaver." Normal beaver is a charming brown, but a hunter in the Nipigon district of Ontario has caught a beaver whose coat was pure white.

We need not imagine from this that beavers are turning their coats to do their engineering feats in snowy robes. This white beaver is another example of what is called albinism, of which from time to time many examples have been given in the C.N.

The conditions bringing about this white covering obtain in all orders of higher life. It is especially common in birds, giving us white examples of blackbirds, rooks, robins, and many others. It blanches many animals whose pelts should be dark; it even gives us white Negroes.

Black Tigers

That is albinism. There is a contrary phase of colouring called melanism, from a Greek word meaning black. Here we have a case in which black unduly develops in hair or skin. Black tigers have been found, and the Zoo generally has a fierce black leopard. Dozens of examples of the kind in various orders of life have been noted.

These two curiosities are so well recognised that we give the word albinism to the white varieties of dark kinds, and creatures of light race whose skins are dark we call melanochroic. The white beaver was simply an albino example.

Naturalists would have welcomed a history of this animal, to show whether it was always white or whether sudden cold brought the change or unusual excitement, swiftly imposed, was responsible. The subject is one of some mystery.

In a human being the whitening of hair is caused by those ravenous cells in the blood called phagocytes devouring the colouring matter in the hair. How enormous must be the activity of these phagocytes when grief or terror causes hair to turn white in a single night, as was the case with Queen Marie Antoinette during her trial!

What Fear Did

Fear of punishment by death for the crimes he had committed in the Indian Mutiny wrought an even swifter change in a rebel Sepoy. Dr. Parry saw his jet black hair turn grey in half an hour while under cross-examination.

Climate works less drastically, but as surely. A lemming, which should become white in winter, was kept artificially warm till December and retained its brown colour. Then it was suddenly submitted to a temperature 30 degrees below zero. In a few hours the cheeks and shoulders blanched and in a week the whole coat was like snow.

The tips of the hairs were then clipped, and brown hair was beneath. This in turn whitened. How did those changes come about? By the action of phagocytes? We do not know; we suppose so.

A STEP FOR THE FOOT And a Mile for the Eye

A familiar sight to the wanderer through America's mighty forests is the high steel watch-tower, generally on a rocky eminence, from which the fire rangers can survey many square miles of the surrounding forest.

In the Deschutes National Forest in Oregon, however, Nature herself has provided a tower that the officials have not been slow to take advantage of. It is a huge fir tree 105 feet high, standing on a cliff. A platform has been erected on the topmost branches, and wooden ladders fixed to its trunk. It is estimated that every step up the ladder adds a mile all round to the ranger's view.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

LAUSANNE

SWITZERLAND'S CENTRE OF EDUCATION AND JUSTICE

Switzerland is a country where other nations often meet to confer together. There are three main reasons for that. It is central; it is not itself mixed up with the disputes of dissatisfied nations; and it has an honourable tradition of love of freedom. The last conference of the nations held there—to try to settle the affairs of Turkey—met at Lausanne, a city that deserves to be better known.

Lausanne is an ancient but growing city in a beautiful situation, lying a little way back from the shores of Lake Geneva, outside the midmost bend of that crescent-shaped water. It is the capital of the Canton Vaud, on foothills at the end of the Jura Range; and from its hilly site, crowned by a fine spired cathedral, it looks across the greeny-blue waters of the lake to the rugged peaks of Savoy.

A Growing City

Below Lausanne, on the lake, is the port of Ouchy, the calling place of steamers as they ply backward and forward from Montreux, nearer the head of the lake and end of the Rhone Valley, and the city of Geneva at the foot of the lake, where the Rhone glides swiftly forth.

Lausanne has increased in population by fifty per cent. during the 20th century, and now has about 70,000 inhabitants. This growth is largely due to the opening of the Simplon Tunnel, at the farther end of the Rhone Valley, which opened out a direct railway route from Paris to Milan, shorter than either the Mont Cenis Tunnel, more to the south, or the St. Gothard Tunnel, more to the north.

Home of Many Schools

A French-speaking Swiss town, finely placed and healthy, it is one of the most popular centres of education. Schools abound where girls and boys learn to speak foreign languages in the midst of foreign surroundings, and foreigners of all nations live there to the total of quite 10,000, of whom 1000 are English.

While Berne, which is more centrally situated, is the Swiss capital, and Geneva, on the lake of the same name, is the seat of the League of Nations and the International Labour Office, Lausanne is the seat of the Federal Courts of Justice for all the cantons, and so has a national as well as a high local position.

Memories of a Great Book

Well-read English people think of it as the place where the great historian Gibbon, finished his massive work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which he had been writing for 15 years. His name is still honoured in Lausanne, though nearly 130 years have passed since he lived there.

It may be that Lausanne will be remembered in the future as the place where, after long-protracted talk between Turkish pashas and European statesmen, a lasting peace was made in Asia Minor; or it may be that it will be recalled as the place where Turkey regained the power of disturbing Balkan politics.

It will always be worth visiting by those who find refreshment in the natural beauty of Switzerland, stimulus in her traditional love of liberty, and opportunity for study of methods of government in her modern constitution.

A SQUARE-MILE SPONGE

Planting Bushes to Hold Up a River.

HUGE IRRIGATION SCHEME

A large part of Southern California is for six months of the year as dry as a desert, and only by artificial irrigation can adequate supplies of water be obtained for the farming.

The damming up of rivers, in order to prevent these running away into the Pacific and being lost when the sun melts the winter snows in the mountains, is carried out on an ever-increasing scale. But there are also other minor methods of conserving the local water supply, of which one is novel.

The latest plan is to form a great natural sponge, 800 acres in extent, to suck up and hold the overflow waters from the San Antonio Canyon.

When the snows in the mountains melt there comes a great rush of water, and this ran away and was lost. Now it is diverted to a large area of sandy land covered with sage brush, which gradually soaks up many thousands of tons of water.

The water softens the ground and gradually percolates into it, forming a great underground reservoir when it comes to the hard rock below.

Then during the hot dry summer months the farmers and fruit-growers are able, by means of wells, to reach this store of water and pump it up to irrigate their lands. In other words, in times of drought they squeeze the water out of the sponge.

It is a great idea, that is very economical in operation, and is proving a decided success. *See World Map*

STAINLESS STEEL

Thinking Out New Uses for It

Everyone now knows stainless steel, and people who once had to clean knives bless the man who thought of it.

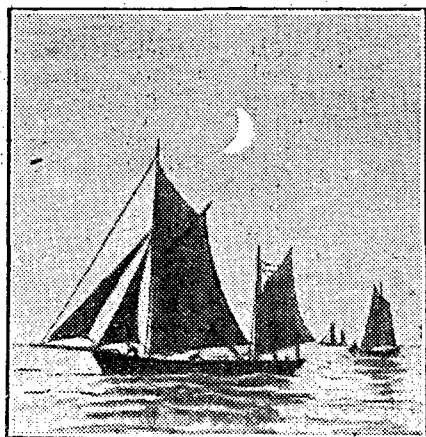
Stainless cutlery was invented in Sheffield, but the process was not patented. Still, Sheffield has retained a large share of the manufacture of stainless steel.

Now, under pressure from slackness in ordinary branches of the Sheffield trades, attention has been turned to widening the uses of stainless steel.

It is well known that vast quantities of steel and iron perish quickly through oxidation. That is, they are spoiled by rust. If stainless steel, which does not rust, were used in larger and heavier manufactures than cutlery, would not the life of the steel be greatly prolonged? Though the cost of rustless steel is high, it is claimed that the ultimate expense would be lessened because of the longer life of articles made of the new steel.

Accordingly it is being used in making various forms of machinery that work in contact with water, and new branches of manufacture are being developed. Considerable saving may be effected all over the world by the use of suitable metals which will not rust.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6 p.m. on February 21

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

What is Pina Cloth?

A cloth made from piña, a delicate fibre obtained from the leaf of the pineapple.

What is the Biscuit Weevil?

A small weevil whose larvae feed on biscuits and other food products, and also on the paste in the bindings of books.

Is it True That There are no Male Tortoiseshell Cats?

No, but males are very rare. It is estimated that the proportion of male tortoiseshells to females is one in about seven hundred.

What is the Oval?

After Lord's the Oval, at Kennington, in South London, is the most famous cricket ground in England. It is the home of the Surrey Cricket Club, and is named because of its shape.

How Do Pineapples Grow?

Each plant bears one fruit on a stout stalk about a foot above the ground, with long, sword-like leaves that have very prickly edges growing all round and on top of the fruit.

What Does a Mole Live on?

Earthworms chiefly, but it also eats the larvae of insects; and if a mouse, bird, lizard, or frog comes within its reach it devours the creature, for the mole is one of the most voracious feeders in Nature.

Do any Vegetables Harm Guinea Pigs?

Guinea pigs should be given dandelion, chicory, parsley, carrot leaves, and any green foods that are not too succulent, but cabbage leaves and similar plants must be given very sparingly, as they are harmful in large quantities.

What are the Rings of Saturn?

It is now generally agreed by scientists that Saturn's rings are made up of countless solid fragments, or tiny moons as we might say. We know that they are solid because they cast a shadow on the planet.

What Causes the White Spots on Finger Nails?

The nails are made by cells in the deeper part of the skin at the base of the nail, and when we are out of health or this skin is injured the cells cannot make the nails properly. We see the result in the white marks, when the nail has grown higher.

What is the Colour of the Bullfinch?

The head, throat, wings, and tail are black, the back bluish ashy-grey, the sides of the neck and under parts salmon red, and under the tail white. Broad white bands cross the wings. The bill is black, and the legs dark brown. The female is duller on the upper parts, and dove-brown beneath.

Should Plants be Kept in a Bedroom?

In the daytime plants help to ventilate a bedroom, because under the action of sunlight they take in carbon dioxide, split it up, and while retaining the carbon give out the oxygen. But they should be removed at night, as in darkness they give out an appreciable amount of carbon dioxide, which is bad for us to breathe.

Why do Meteors Shoot, and Where do They Go?

Meteors are fragments of matter in space attracted to our Earth by gravitation, and as they rush with ever-increasing speed through our atmosphere the friction makes them white hot, until generally they are burned up in the air. Occasionally a larger fragment reaches the Earth, when it is called a meteorite.

Did Christmas Fall on January 6 More Than 100 Years Ago?

No, it was always on December 25, but at the time the Gregorian Calendar was adopted in England in 1752 Christmas Day fell eleven days after the Continental Christmas, though it was still called December 25. In 1752, however, to bring the year right eleven days were dropped, and September 3 was called September 14. Christmas then no longer fell on what was January 5 on the Continent. In Russia, where the old calendar exists, it is another day different, and Christmas is on January 6.

EXPLOSIVE STARS

WONDER OF A STELLAR CLUSTER

Streams and Festoons of Scintillating Suns

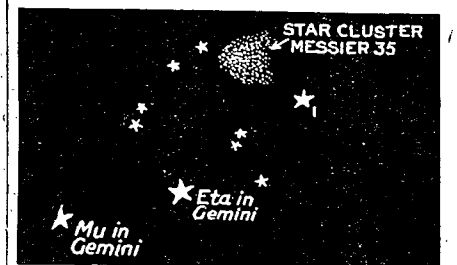
THE SECRET OF A WISP OF LIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On any fine and dark night now it is possible to get a glimpse of one of those celestial marvels known as star clusters, which are actually great masses of suns.

Imagine a vast stellar concourse—our Sun multiplied two thousand to a million times, with stellar relatives of every kind—sparkling, fiery, youthful suns at great heat and full of energy, with others of uncertain temperament and given to explosive outbursts.

These explosive stars we know as *variable*, while others that wax and wane every few days with a singular ebb and flow of energy, we call *Cepheid variables*. Then there are the steady and older luminaries, like our own kindly Sun,



The great star cluster in Gemini as seen through opera or field glasses

which are much easier to live with; and, finally, the ruddy-faced old veterans whose energies are intermittent, and which periodically blaze into grandeur.

Of such is a star cluster composed, and of all the innumerable worlds and moons that go to make it we only know they exist and no more.

Across the Abyss of Space

Now such a wonderful and stupendous array may be seen in a small corner of the constellation of Gemini as a tiny wisp of light, about half the apparent size of the Moon at the first quarter. The star map in last week's C.N. shows its exact position under the name Messier 35, and it should thus be easily found. Our star map this week gives an enlarged view of the region around the star cluster.

Through non-prismatic glasses the cluster stands out very clearly and appears enlarged from five to ten diameters at least, its shape roughly triangular and resembling a small comet with a fan-shaped tail. The whole is very misty and indefinite—and no wonder, for the light has been at least 20,000 years speeding across space to us, though it travels at 11 million miles a minute.

The energy of their waves of light has at length impinged a tiny particle of the collective energy of all those colossal suns on the retina of the eye, and so set up a thought in our microscopic selves, on a relatively, microscopic world—surely a stupendous marvel.

Many Suns Bunched Together

With a powerful telescope a scene of extreme stellar grandeur is witnessed. Lalande, a famous astronomer, once stated that nothing but a sight of the object itself could convey an adequate idea of its exquisite beauty, and that the field of view of the telescope was then perfectly full of stars.

These stars form streams and festoons of suns, the scintillating mass conveying the impression that there is a definite structure and arrangement in this marvellous assemblage. It would appear to be a sort of universe in itself, far beyond any of the stars visible to our eyes.

Though these suns appear bunched together, it is certain that countless millions of miles intervene between each one. But to our eyes the cluster appears as a mere wisp of luminosity, such is its immensity. G. F. M.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure
in the Lonely Highlands

Told by
Vernon Bruce

What Has Happened Before

Ian Wilton, Rupert Benfield, and Tony Dale, the Three Inseparables, were to spend the Christmas holidays at Ian's home. Tony is known as Freckles, and Rupert is a boy who aspires to be a Sherlock Holmes.

In the train they meet Professor Cornelius Debenham, who shows much concern for his attaché case, and asks the boys if they have heard of a man named Bolvido.

At Waterloo Station two men watch the Professor, and one of them snatches his case, but Ian recovers it.

Ian's father meets the boys with the news that, owing to an outbreak of measles at home, the visit must be cancelled. Thereupon the Professor invites the three friends to his house in Ross-shire, where he is engaged on experiments of great secrecy.

CHAPTER 7

Northward Bound

TRUE to his promise, Professor Debenham wrote to say that he had made arrangements for the boys to join him and would expect them on the last day of the year. They were to change on to a branch line and get out at a little station about ten miles from his home.

The Professor added that he was sending a car to meet them, so that they would have a comfortable end to their long journey.

The day of their departure was bitterly cold, and as the Scottish express raced northward the sky became overcast and snow began to fall.

"Talk about blue bonnets over the Border," laughed Ian, as the train finally crossed into Scotland, "it's blue noses over the Border in this weather, and no mistake. You fellows look half-frozen already."

"It's a blessing there'll be a car to meet us when we get to Glennaig," added Tony, wrapping his muffler tighter round his neck. "I don't fancy a ten-mile walk in this weather."

But alas for their expectations! When the three friends finally alighted, cold and stiff, at the little Highland station they found, to their dismay, that no car was there to meet them.

After a long and fruitless wait they held a council of war.

"We can't stop here much longer, that's certain," said Rupert, stamping his feet in the snow, which now lay thickly over the country. "We shall all be frozen stiff soon!"

"I think the best thing to do would be to push on," said Ian. "We ought to get to the house to-night, or the Professor will be anxious about us."

Accordingly the boys sought out the rugged Highlander who did duty as station-master, porter, and signalman combined, and asked if it were possible to hire a conveyance of any sort to take them to Loch Letterfern.

"Tis a sair night to do the journey," he remarked thoughtfully. "But bide you here a wee. Angus Macfarlane has a machine, and mebbe he will take you over to Letterfern. I'll be asking him, anyhow." And with a friendly nod he set off toward the lights of the village.

"Fancy anyone in a little village like this owning a car," said Ian. "I hope the machine isn't an old one."

"I don't mind what it's like," said Tony gloomily. "Anything to take us away from here. I'd go in a wheelbarrow with the greatest pleasure."

But when the sound of voices brought them from the shelter of the station porch they found that a "machine" has a broad meaning in Scotland. Instead of a motor they had expected, a large wagon-

ette with two sturdy horses stood ready outside.

"Yon's the machine," remarked their friend the station-master, beginning to load their bags into the back of the wagonette. "You'd best be off now if you want to finish your journey the night."

Accordingly the boys scrambled up beside the driver, who, with a curt nod to the other man, whipped up his horses, and the wagonette set off through the gathering dusk on its long journey among the snow-covered hills.

They progressed slowly owing to the bad condition of the roads, and before half an hour had passed the snow, which had ceased falling, began to descend again harder than before.

The driver slowed his horses to a walk, and the boys noticed that he frequently glanced apprehensively at the heavy sky.

Finally he turned to Rupert, who was seated next to him, and remarked with conviction:

"We'll no' be able to finish the journey the night."

"Whatever shall we do, then?" demanded Ian. "We can't spend the night out here: we should get frozen."

"We'll have to bide in Craigalsh till the morn. The road is sair tricky in the dark," answered the other, adding, "It's but another twa miles."

After what seemed an age the wagonette began to descend a steep hill, at the bottom of which shone the welcome lights of a little village, and soon they entered the single street.

Pulling up at the door of a house nearly at the end of the village the driver gave a lusty shout, and the next moment a plump, motherly woman bustled out. Catching sight of the boys, who were nearly frozen by this time, she flung up her hands in surprise!

"You poor bairns!" she said. "Come along inside with ye," and led them into the cheery warmth of the inn parlour.

CHAPTER 8

Trouble Brewing

A BRIGHT fire and a splendid meal of eggs, butter, and scones, washed down with hot milk, soon counteracted the effects of their exposure; and when the meal was over the three chums sought out the driver, who promised that they should complete the journey as soon as it was light on the morrow.

"And now to bed with you," exclaimed the landlady. "You must be tired out. I can't be having you meeting your friend all worn out in the morn."

Whereupon the good soul led them up to a large, low-ceilinged room in which were a large double bed and a single.

"Don't you be making too much noise," she warned them. "I've got two gentlemen in the room through there, and they told me to be sure not to get disturbing of them. The wall's sair thin, too," she added, pointing to the match-boarding which had been used to convert one large room into two.

"I had that put up to give more accommodation," she remarked, noticing the curious glances the boys directed toward the frail partition. "Don't go knocking it down, for it cost a lot of money to have put up," and, with a jolly laugh, she bade them good-night and went off to her duties downstairs.

The landlady had spoken no more than the truth when she assured them of the thinness of the partition, for the occupants of the other room could plainly be heard moving about on the other side.

The sound of gruff voices came to the three boys as they began undressing.

Suddenly, Rupert, who was occupying the single bed standing near the partition, held up his hand with a warning gesture.

"Listen!" he whispered. "I thought I heard something about the Professor just then."

In the silence which ensued the harsh voice of one of the unseen occupants could be heard raised in exostulation.

"And I tell you there's nothing simpler," came the voice. "The gov'nor is determined to get them. He's willing to pay us a big price for them, too."

"I don't like the idea, and that's a fact," answered the other voice. "It's a risky job breaking into a house like old Debenham's."

"Well, you've only got yourself to thank," replied the other angrily. "If you hadn't messed up things at the station we should have been saved all this trouble."

"Oh, don't keep on about that!" came the rejoinder. "It's no good crying over spilt milk. What are your plans?"

The answer was pitched in so low a voice that, although the boys, now agog with excitement, strained their hardest, they could not catch a word of the reply.

Suddenly Rupert slipped off his bed, and silently began to pull on his shoes.

"What are you up to?" whispered Ian.

"I'm going to try to find out something more," Rupert whispered back.

"Don't be a chump," advised Freckles. "They'll catch you for sure if you go butting in there, and then you'll spoil everything."

"Don't you worry," answered Rupert, creeping noiselessly toward the bedroom door. "You lie low and leave this to me. I'm a born detective."

"He's a born fathead, he means," whispered Freckles ruefully, as their friend, with a parting wave of the hand, crept silently out of the room.

"We shall only make things worse if we follow him," said Ian. "There's nothing for it but to sit tight and hope for the best."

Silently the two sat up listening for any sound that would denote the discovery of Rupert. But the minutes passed, and nothing interrupted the drone of voices on the other side of the partition. They were just beginning to feel that he might accomplish his mission in safety when they caught the sound of a chair being pushed hastily back behind the partition.

A quick step sounded in the other room, and then the noise of a door being flung violently open.

HOW TO MAKE, MEND, AND DO

Everything for the Home

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"The silly chump!" groaned Freckles. "He's put his foot in it again."

"Quick! Out with the light!" whispered Ian. "If anyone comes in pretend to be asleep and leave the talking to me."

No sooner had the candle been extinguished than voices sounded outside the door, followed by a sharp, double rap.

"Who's that?" cried Ian, assuming a sleepy voice, when the knock had twice been repeated; and, as the door opened to disclose the figure of a tall, dark man in a tweed suit, he sat up in bed rubbing his eyes with every appearance of one just roused from slumber.

Holding a candle above his head, the stranger advanced into the room, regarding Ian suspiciously.

"What's the matter? Is the place on fire?" demanded Ian, blinking in the light.

"You come with me a minute," demanded the stranger, adding, as he caught Ian's look of surprise—"One of your pals is out here."

With a nudge to Freckles to keep quiet, Ian hopped out of bed and followed his unwelcome visitor into the next room.

Standing stiff and straight, with hands outstretched before him and eyes that stared fixedly at the wall in front of him, stood Rupert. Near by was the second of the two men whom, with a start of surprise, Ian recognised as the man who had so nearly succeeded in stealing the Professor's dispatch case a few mornings before at Waterloo.

With an inward chuckle Ian took in the situation at a glance. Rupert was playing the same trick that he had tried successfully on more than one occasion at school.

"Oh dear, I'm afraid my friend is sleepwalking again!" he said, addressing the man who had fetched him from his bed.

"Sleepwalking, eh?" repeated the other suspiciously. "Well, if he comes sleepwalking outside the door of our room again he'll get a rude awakening."

"I'll lead him back now," Ian went on, placing a hand on Rupert's shoulder. "It's very dangerous to wake him up like this."

"Not so dangerous as it will be if he comes nosing round here again—awake or asleep," answered the other man.

With a nod of thanks, Ian led his friend back to the bedroom and shut the door. Then the two collapsed on the bed in convulsions of silent laughter, to the distinct annoyance of Freckles, who sat up demanding instant explanations.

When the chums had regained something of their composure, Tony turned to the panting Rupert and, seizing him by the scruff of the neck, exclaimed, as loudly as he dared:

"Now then, my young Sherlock Holmes, an explanation, or you die the death."

Thus admonished, Rupert took up the tale.

"I got outside the door and tried to squint through the keyhole," he began; "but they'd left the key in the lock, so I could see nothing. However, I put my ear to the crack in the door and listened."

"And what's their game?" asked Ian excitedly.

"Just this," continued Rupert. "They want to get hold of some papers—plans of something or other; more than that I could not make out—that the Professor has got. They are going to have a scout round the house to try to discover the best way to break in and snaffle them."

"Hadn't we better tell the police?" asked Freckles.

"Great Scott, no!" replied Rupert scornfully. "Much better say nothing to anyone till we've seen the Professor and know what he thinks about it."

"I quite agree," chimed in Ian. "It would only give the game away if we made a fuss at this stage. If we lie doggo for a bit we may catch them red-handed."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Trap

THERE was no sign of the missing pony on the flats by the Creek, so Len Burney started to climb the hill.

The boy looked anxious and worried; and with good reason, for the pony carried all their stores, and it was no joke to be left without food or medicine in wild country like this.

It was all the worse because Len's father lay helpless with a sharp attack of fever in the camp by Three Tree Creek, and now it was up to Len to do everything.

Struggling through thick brush Len rounded a shoulder of the hill, and a cry of joy burst from his lips. There was the pony, the pack still on its back, grazing peacefully only a few hundred yards away.

Len hurried forward. A tree trunk lay across the trail. He stepped over it, and as he did so there was the clash of metal, and something seemed suddenly to leap up and seize him violently by the leg.

For a few seconds the agony was so great that he went sick and dizzy. When he recovered a little he realised that he had stepped right into the open jaws of a bear trap.

It was an old trap, for it was rusty. But the jaws were covered with raw hide, so it was clear it had been meant to catch the bear alive. It was fastened at both ends by chains heavily pegged down, and Len knew that he could not reach either peg. The raw hide covering and the heavy boots he wore had saved the bone of his leg from damage, but he saw in a moment he could not open the trap unaided.

It was a ghastly fix, and it looked as if he must stay there till he starved.

Pain makes one think quickly. An idea flashed into Len's brain, and he felt eagerly in his pocket. With a sigh of relief, he drew out a box of matches. Then, stooping and reaching as far as he could, he began to collect twigs and bits of bark. These he piled over the steel springs at the end of the jaws of the trap, and striking a match set fire to them. He meant, if he could, to heat the springs till they lost their temper; then they would bend like so much tin.

The sharp wood smoke choked and blinded him, the heat, travelling along the iron jaws, began to burn his leg even through the hide. Yet he stuck to his task.

Minutes passed, and still he fed his fires, while in the distance the pony grazed quietly.

The steel was dull red, and Len more dead than alive, when at last he decided to make his last struggle for liberty. Lifting his free foot, he placed it on the jaws of the trap.

Down went the jaws, and Len fell forward on the cool earth. Though his damaged leg hurt terribly, his heart sang with joy. His plan had worked! He was free at last!

Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay, On the Mountain Dawns the Day

Dr. MERRYMAN

A CUSTOMER in a restaurant had been waiting impatiently for his dinner. Presently he called the waiter.

"Have you ever been to the Zoo?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the waiter. "Then you ought to go. You would find it very thrilling to watch the turtles rushing past you."

Buried Places

A GEOGRAPHICAL name is hidden in each of the following sentences. Can you find them?

To be fit, a boy must be sinewy or know how to exercise.

He was the last of that royal family.

I never shall on donkeys ride.

Leave that hen's nest alone.

I wish I could, but I can't.

Will you have steak or omelette?

Such a face he made, I ran away.

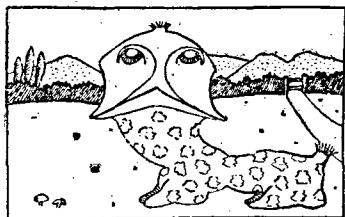
Answers next week

WHEN is a tree as comfortable as a bed? When it is down.

Do You Live in Thanet?

THE meaning of Thanet is not quite certain. Some scholars trace it back to a Keltic word meaning fire, and believe it was so named because it was a well-known centre for beacon-fires. Others derive it from a Keltic word for oak, in which case the district was once famous for its oak trees.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Smug

ALL Smugs like mushrooms—do not you? This Smug has just discovered two. Now, shall it eat them up or not? Each one brings out another spot!

WHAT is it that is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

How Many?

MR. JONES was asked how many children he had, and he replied: "I have five sons, and each son has a sister."

How many children had Mr. Jones?

Answer next week

No Choice



"Look out! Keep off!" the Froggie said, "Or you will splash in overhead! If you that notice cannot read, You must be ignorant indeed."

The Brownie cried, "I read quite well, And DANGER I have learned to spell. But skates on a beginner seize And take him anywhere they please!"

WHAT are the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of getting on in the world? Get on, get honour, get honest.

Highroads to Health



Skipping

WHEN is an artist dangerous? When his designs are bad.

A Man of Few Words

A TRAVELLER who was resting in a little village noticed a man who seemed to have nothing to do but lean against a tree and keep his hands in his pockets.

"It is a glorious day," said the traveller pleasantly.

"Not bad," replied the other.

"Out of work?"

"Yes."

"Lived here all your life?"

"Not yet."

What Am I?

SOMETHING, nothing, as you use me;

Small or bulky, as you choose me;

Short-lived child of grief and pain,

Live for a moment, die again.

Eternity I bring to view,

The Sun and all the planets, too;

The Moon and I may disagree,

Yet all the world resembles me.

Solution next week

Sensation in the Strand

THERE was an old person of Anerley

Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly;

He rushed down the Strand

With a pig in each hand,

But returned in the evening to Anerley. EDWARD LEAR

Evidence to the Contrary

AN old farmer had occasion to send a telegram for the first time in his life, so he went to the village post office and wrote out his message.

He handed in the form and asked that it should be sent off immediately, so the clerk at once telegraphed it, placed the form under a paper-weight, and went on attending to other people.

The old man waited patiently for about twenty minutes, and then he said to the clerk:

"When are you going to send my telegram, please? It is very important."

"But I sent it long ago," answered the clerk. "It has been delivered by now."

The farmer was annoyed.

"Now, don't be silly, young man," he said. "How can you have sent it when it is still on your table over there?"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Money Problem

The boys received nineteen coins each. One had four half-crowns and fifteen sixpences, and the other had one half-crown, four florins, and fourteen sixpences.

What Am I? A Shadow

Who Was He?

The Traitor was Alcibiades

Jacko Goes to Bed

JACKO was in a fix. He had managed to get himself into such a frightful scrape at school that he simply dared not turn up the next morning.

It was not easy to find an excuse for staying away, for he had already exhausted every one he could think of. But after he had thought a long time a broad grin began to spread over his face.

"I've got it!" he whooped. "The very thing!"

For the rest of the evening he was very busy; so busy, indeed, that Mrs. Jacko, who was ironing in the kitchen, thought she had better see what he was about.

"Drat the boy!" she said to herself, as she tiptoed into the parlour. "He's up to no good, I'll be bound, or he wouldn't be so quiet."

Jacko was there, sure enough, for she could see the back of his head over the top of a big armchair by the fire; but when he turned round his mother could scarcely believe her eyes.

"Mercy on us!" she cried; "the boy's in a fit!"

Jacko, who had spent a long time rubbing flour on his cheeks and had screwed up his face into a ghastly expression, could scarcely keep himself from laughing, so he hid his head in a cushion, and began to moan.

"I've never seen anyone look so bad before," said Mrs. Jacko. "Run upstairs and get into bed at once, child, and I'll mix you something to do you good."

Just then the front door slammed; and Jacko, who was not particularly anxious to see his father, scuttled off to his room.



"The boy's in a fit!" Mrs. Jacko cried

He spent so long admiring his face in the mirror that he was only just in time to jump into bed and pull up the sheets over his head before the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Jacko came in.

He pretended to be asleep; but Mrs. Jacko insisted on waking him up.

"Wake up, dear!" she said. "I've brought you a nice hot mustard plaster."

Jacko had had a mustard plaster on once before, to ease a very bad sore throat. Unfortunately, in her haste to relieve his pain, his mother had forgotten to mix the mustard with oil. The result was that it not only burned horribly but it took all the skin off his neck!

The incident had left a painful impression on Jacko's mind. He flung back the bedclothes and sat up. And then he caught sight of his face in the glass. The flour on one side had completely worn off on the pillow.

With a yell of dismay he jumped out of bed and was off down the stairs. But Mr. Jacko was too quick for him.

"You young scamp!" he cried. "I'll teach you to get ill!" And he gave Jacko a good thrashing.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Apple Without a Core

At a meeting of a fruit-growing society of Quebec, it was announced that a seedless and coreless apple of the Fameuse variety had been accidentally discovered.

The apple was tested and tasted, and the representative of a large fruit distributing firm offered the fortunate discoverer a million dollars for rights in the tree, provided it could be reproduced by grafts and continued to give seedless apples.

Seedless oranges, as we know, were produced some years ago; but a seedless apple that can be crunched to the end sounds even better.

Une Pomme Sans Trognon

Au cours d'une séance d'une société de Québec s'occupant de la culture des fruits on annonça que l'on avait découvert accidentellement une pomme de la variété Fameuse, sans pépins ni trognon.

La pomme fut mise à l'épreuve et goûtée, et le représentant d'une grande maison de fruits en gros offrit à l'heureux auteur de la découverte un million de dollars pour ses droits au pommier, à condition que l'on pût le reproduire par la greffe et continuer à en obtenir des pommes sans pépins.

Les oranges sans pépins, on le sait, ont été produites il y a quelques années, mais une pomme sans pépins, que l'on pourra croquer jusqu'au bout, fait encore meilleur effet.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Snow Queen

THE snow lay so thick that Dulcie said they ought to make a snow queen on the lawn as a surprise for Dimples when she got up and was allowed to look out of the window.

Poor Dimples had a bad cold, and so couldn't play in the snow.

They worked very hard. Bobby dug the snow out of a snowdrift, and Dulcie and Alys patted it and built it up into a beautiful snow queen, while the twins found black pebbles for her eyes and scarlet berries for her lips. Then Dulcie fetched some silver paper and made the queen a lovely crown.

A snow queen is much prettier than a snow man; and Dimples shouted with delight when she came to the window and saw her.

Then everything was spoilt by Bobby crying out that he had lost the five-shilling piece out of his pocket!

This belonged to them all, really. Grannie had given it to them to be saved up for Father's birthday present.

They hunted in every hole and corner; and Dulcie said Bobby ought to have put it safely away in the money-box; but he hadn't, and everyone felt very gloomy.

The snow queen stood on the lawn for three days, then the thaw came, and she grew smaller and smaller. First her silver crown fell off, then a hungry blackbird pecked out her scarlet lips, and at last there was nothing left of her but a pool of slushy water.

"She's gone," said the twins sadly.

"Not quite," cried Dulcie. "Look! There's a tiny piece of her silver crown shining in



He had lost the five-shilling piece

the water," and she ran to pick it up.

But it wasn't the queen's crown, it was the silver crown that Bobby had lost.

"It must have dropped out of my pocket when I was digging in the snowdrift!" cried Bobby. "Hurrah! snow queens make safe money-boxes, after all."

And they really hadn't time to be sad for the poor, melted queen, because they were so busy getting ready to go into town to buy a birthday present for Father.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

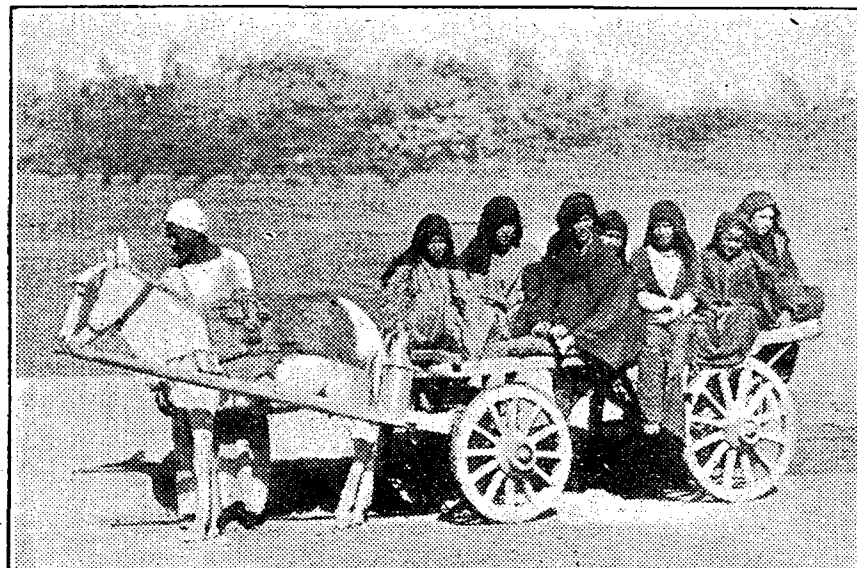
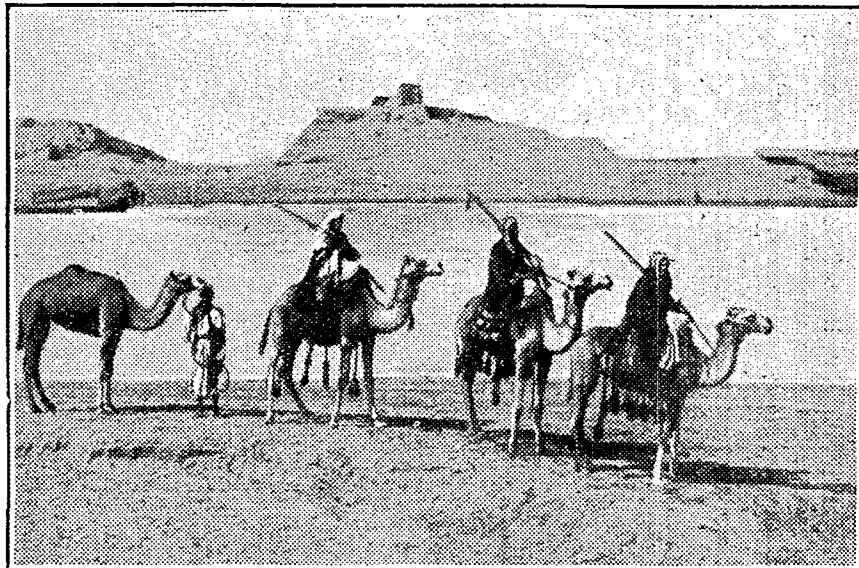
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 17, 1923

Every Thursday 2d.

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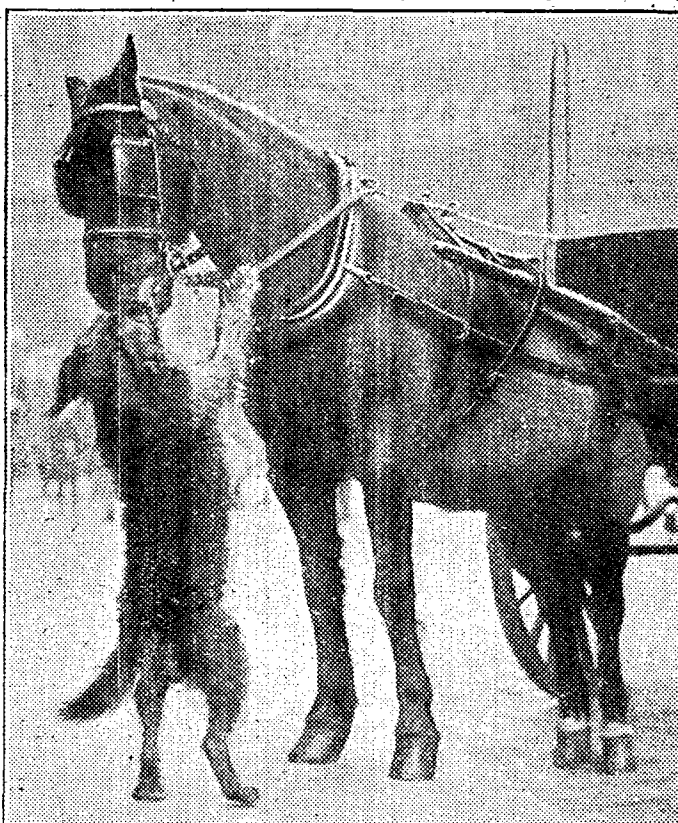
WAITING TO SEE PHARAOH GO BY · SWAZI CHIEF AT HOME · A BIG YAWN



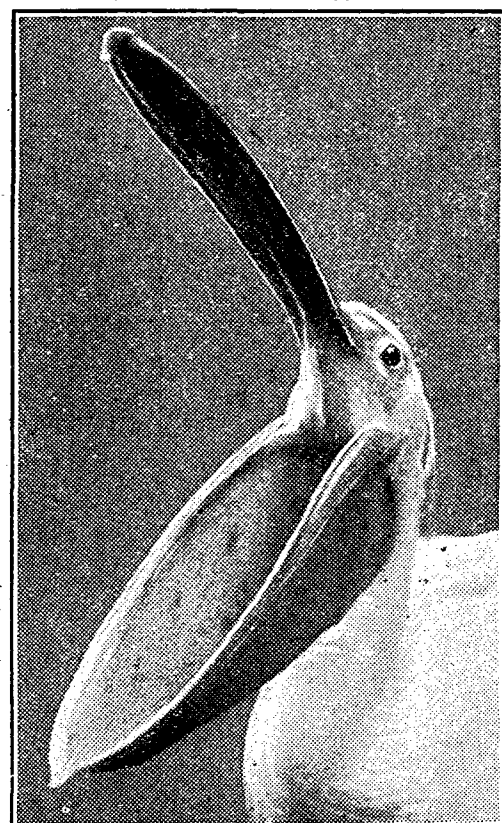
Waiting to See Pharaoh Go By—It is a curious fact that more people have heard of Tutankhamen since the discovery of his tomb than ever heard of him in his lifetime. In Egypt the excitement of the natives has been very great, and for weeks they have been anxiously waiting to see the long-dead king go by on his return to the north. These two pictures show familiar types of the people who live on the banks of the Nile near the Valley of the Kings, and these, ever since the great discovery, have been keenly interested in all that happens at the tomb.



A Queer Inmate of the Zoo—This little mouse lemur at the London Zoo generally sleeps through the winter, and for nourishment draws on its own tail just as a tadpole does, fattening it up before it goes to sleep.



A Friendly Greeting—This horse and Airedale terrier have been great friends for eighteen months past, that is, during the whole of the lifetime of the dog. They are stable companions, and when the dog meets the horse in the street the dog goes up and greets him, as shown in the picture.



A Big Gape—When the pelican opens its mouth any fish that happen to be near must feel exceedingly nervous, for it is a very capacious mouth, as we can see by this photograph of the pelican at the Zoo.



A Swazi Prince in His Homeland—Here is King Sobhuza, the Paramount Chief of Swaziland, who has been visiting England and has had an interview with King George, photographed as a boy with his grandmother. In London the Chief wore a silk hat and a frock coat.



Lady Astor goes for a Bob-Sleigh Ride—Lady Astor's young son taking his mother, sister, brother, and a friend for a bob-sleigh run at St. Moritz, Switzerland. He is a skilful operator at the steering wheel, and his guests have absolute confidence in him when he takes them out.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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